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A HOME WEEKLY FOR WINTER NIGHTS AND SUMMER DAYS.

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No. 312.

TRUE AND FALSE.

BY L. C. GREENWOOD.

I was true, but you were false,
So we gladly parted;
Gladly strove I to forget,
Sad and faithful-hearted,
Strove in vain not to remember
That we knew each other,
And I left you to discover
Faith within another.

Time, a lesson you have taught,
For your smiles are wasted
On a shallow fickleness
Which love ne'er has tasted.
And I read within your eyes,
And hear it in your voice,
That you have a weary grown
Of your new-made choice.

I have found congenial love,
And am truly mated;
Now I give my strong affection
When I might have had,
And lived a life of bitterness
To curse both me and you,
Had I not in time discovered
You were false, I true!

FERGUS FEARNUGHT; OR, Our New York Boys.

A STORY OF THE BY-WAYS AND THOROUGHFARES.

BY GEORGE L. AIKEN,

AUTHOR OF "FALSE FACES," "ROY, THE
RECKLESS," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER X.

PASTIME.

CLINTON went to the bureau, which stood between the two front windows, and opened one of the drawers, which was full of shirts. "Lord, what a lot!" exclaimed Fergus.

"Yes, there's a few of them," answered Clinton, complacently.

"Do you wear them all?"
"Of course I do. What do you suppose I have them for?"
"What, all of 'em?"
"Yes; but not all at once—one at a time. Here's one with a collar on it—that will do for you, I think. I haven't worn it for some time. It's one I had last summer—one of the smallest I've got. Try that."

He gave the garment to Fergus and selected one for himself.

"Now let's disguise ourselves in clean shirts and then put on dry toggs," he continued.

Fergus thought it was a disguise, indeed, as he drew the snowy linen shirt over his head; it looked so different from the coarse, striped one he was accustomed to wear. His satisfaction increased when he dressed himself in the brown cloth suit that Clinton had laid out for him. The pantaloons were a trifle long for him in the legs, but he got over this difficulty by turning them up at the bottoms, and the coat required the same treatment at the sleeves.

While he was thus engaged Clinton attired himself in a natty Cheviot suit of tweed which displayed his slender, graceful figure to good advantage. He put on a linen collar and a fancy colored necktie, which he fastened in an elaborate bow, and he gave Fergus a dark blue silk one.

"That's the finish for you, Ferg, my boy," he said. "Do you know how to tie it?"
"I think I can manage it," answered Fergus, laughingly.

He passed the scarf around his neck, under the falling shirt-collar, and tied the ends into what is called a "sailor's knot."

"How is that?" he asked Clinton.

"Tip-top!"

"How do these clothes fit?"

"First-rate!"

Clinton now combed and brushed his hair before the looking-glass on the bureau, and then advised Fergus to do the same.

"Just take the snarls out of your hair, and then you'll do," he said. "There's nothing like good clothes, eh, my boy? 'Beauty unadorned is adorned the most,' I've heard somebody say. But, that's all in your eye and Miss Elizabeth Martin! That individual didn't know what he was talking about. There's nothing like good harness—you can bet on that! Why, anybody that saw you come in here would never take you to be the same boy going out."

"Well, I think I do look better," replied Fergus, as he stood before the glass brushing his long, silky, flaxen hair, and he smiled complacently at his own image. "I'd like to wear good clothes like these all the time."

"Why don't you?"

"Haven't got the brads to stand it."

"The what?"

"The spandulix."

"Oh, oh, the rhino—that's what you mean, eh? 'Money makes the mare go,' and the ponies, too. A fellow can have lots of fun if he can only pony up for it."

"Guess you have lots of fun," answered Fergus, glancing about the room.

"What makes you think so?"

"Cause you've got lots of things here to have it with."

"Oh, yes; I'm tolerably well supplied," rejoined Clinton, in his careless fashion. "Did you ever swing the Indian clubs?"

"I never swung any kind of a club. How do you do it?" added Fergus, curiously.

"I'll show you!" cried Clinton.

He grasped the clubs and went through a dexterous performance with them, which greatly excited Fergus' admiration. Then he laid them aside and selected a pair of dumb-bells.



Hallo! exclaimed Clinton, surprised by this exhibition. "Why, you've done it! Well, that beats me."

"How much can you put up, Ferg?" he inquired.

"Put up where?" replied Fergus, surprised.

"How much in weight of these fellows, I mean," explained Clinton. "Here's three pair, different sizes. Try the smallest pair, and I'll show you how to put them up."

Fergus managed the small pair without difficulty.

"Now try mine," said Clinton, resigning them to him.

Fergus easily put these up also.

"Put up the big pair," said Fergus, pointing to them.

Clinton shook his head.

"I can't do it," he answered; "they are a little too hefty for me as yet, but I'm training for them."

"Are they very heavy?" asked Fergus, stooping over them.

"Try them."

"I've got them."

"Now put them up."

Fergus did so, though it cost him something of an effort.

"Hal-lo!" exclaimed Clinton, surprised by this exhibition. "Why, you've done it! Well, that beats me! I had no idea you were so strong."

"Well, I am kind of tough," replied Fergus.

"I've had a kind of rough time of it."

"Rough and tough, eh? It takes hard work to bring out a fellow's muscles; there's no mistake about that. Did you ever fence any?"

"Fence! what's that?"

"With foils—like these. I'll show you—it's capital sport. You learn the sword exercise with these. Mighty useful, for we might be soldiers one of these days—I'll be a colonel, like my great-grandfather, if another war breaks out. I think you'd make a good soldier, Ferg. The old boy himself couldn't scare you!"

"No, I don't scare easily."

"Here, put this on over your head."

Clinton handed Fergus one of the wire masks, which he received it wonderingly.

"What's this for?" he inquired.

"To guard your face, and keep the foil from punching your eyes out."

"I wouldn't care to have my eyes punched out."

"Of course not."

"How do you put it on?" asked Fergus.

"Here, look at me—this way."

Clinton affixed the other mask in front of his face, and Fergus imitated his example. Then Clinton gave him a foil.

"Oh, my, ain't it light?" cried Fergus.

"What's this round thing on the point for?"

"That's the button—that's to prevent accidents. A fellow might run another fellow through if he got excited."

"What's the use of getting excited?" Clinton laughed.

"A fellow can't help it when he gets tapped two or three times," he replied. "Come, now, on guard! and I'll give you a little 'carte and tierce.' Imitate me."

"What's carte and tierce?" inquired Fergus, awkwardly endeavoring to follow Clinton's instructions.

"Now we are engaged—see our foils are crossed. Keep your eyes on me—that's what the fencing-master says—never look away from the other fellow's eye. Do you mind?"

"I'm lookin' at you."

"Then keep looking. I'm coming for you!"

"Come along!"

"That's carte, and that's tierce!"

Fergus felt the button of Clinton's foil tap him smartly on the breast, and then his foil was twisted out of his grasp, and hurled into a corner of the room.

"By jinks!" he exclaimed, amazedly.

"That's the way you do it, is it?"

"That's the way. It's sport, isn't it?"

Fergus shook his head rather dubiously over this question.

"Well, it may be, after a chap knows how," he answered.

He took off the mask and gave it to Clinton, who replaced the masks and foils against the wall.

"How would you like to put on the gloves for a few minutes, Ferg?" he inquired.

"Gloves, eh?"

"Yes—boxing-gloves—these. You know what boxing is, don't you?"

"Oh, yes—sparring, you mean. But I never had any gloves on when I sparred. Pears to me you couldn't hurt much hitting a chap with those stuffed balls on your hands."

Clinton laughed.

"You've hit it—that's just what is intended. These gloves are made to box with in fun and not in earnest. Put on a pair and we'll have a set-to, and then I'll show you about the house."

"Anything to oblige," replied Fergus, and he put on a pair of the gloves. "Lordee! how buncy they make a fellow's fingers feel."

"Now, time," shouted Clinton, in true pugilistic style. "Swing your left duke, and hit out straight from the shoulder, Ferg!"

With this admonition, Clinton brushed the end of Fergus' nose with his right-hand glove.

"Do you want it right from the shoulder?" inquired Fergus.

"Yes, send it good and hot!"

Fergus struck Clinton a resounding blow, despite his effort to stop it, full upon the chest, which caused that aristocratic youth to sit down on the floor in a hasty and very unceremonious manner.

"How's that for hot?" asked Fergus.

"Phew!" gasped Clinton. "That beats me!"

Fergus lifted him up to his feet again.

"Try a little more?" he said.

"No," answered Clinton, laughingly; "no, enough is as good as a feast. Your right duke is in too good condition for me. Throw off the gloves, and I'll show you what a queer old house this is. Besides, I want mother and Gerry to see you, now I've got you dressed up."

"What am I to do with my old clothes?" asked Fergus.

"Oh, leave them here, and I'll have them thrown into the ash-barrel."

"No, no, don't do that!" cried Fergus, quickly.

"I want them."

"You want them?" rejoined Clinton, surprisedly. "Why, what do you want of them?"

"For every day, to work in—I can get more jobs with my old clothes on, than I can in these good clothes."

Clinton was still more surprised.

"Can you?" he inquired.

"Oh, yes; folks are apt to take pity on a chap when he looks poor."

"That's so!" exclaimed Clinton, struck by the force of this reasoning.

"See what lots of pennies Ragged Terry gets because he's such a forlorn-looking little cuss," continued Fergus.

"Who's Ragged Terry? a friend of yours?" asked Clinton.

"Not much! I don't travel with him or his crowd," replied Fergus; "and then he proceeded to give Clinton an account of the pigny beggar boy."

"I must come down some day and see the fan round your place," said Clinton. "I want to see that girl you was telling me about. What's her name?"

"Fleda."

"Odd name that! Well, leave your old clothes here until I show you around the house, and then you can make them up into a bundle and take them home with you."

"I will."

"Come along; we both look good enough for drawing-room society. Keep a stiff upper-lip, and don't be bashful."

"I can't help feeling a little shaky, everything is so queer to me," said Fergus.

"I suppose so; but it's nothing when you get used to it."

With this remark, Clinton led the way from his chamber, and they began to explore the mansion.

The rooms in the upper part of the house were constructed apparently without much regard to symmetry; doors opened on one side of the passage-way that had no counterpart on the other, and staircases were scattered about in a manner bewildering to a stranger.

The rooms, however, were all very large,

and for the most part lofty, though many of the doors did not correspond with the height of the ceilings.

Every room had a fire-grate on this floor, but when they descended to the floor beneath, Fergus found that some of the apartments had the old-fashioned hearth for burning wood.

All these, however, were not considered sufficient to heat the house; two large furnaces below, and a perfect network of steam-pipes were necessary to warm the vast, rambling building thoroughly.

Almost every room was furnished with a speaking-tube connecting with the lower part of the house. In the servants' quarters the appointments were more like those of a large hotel than a private dwelling.

A long apartment capable of affording accommodation at meals for two-score persons, served as a dining-room, and the kitchen, with its two ranges, would have been amply sufficient for the domestics of a king.

The back yard was comparatively small, the immense proportions of the house encroaching on what would otherwise have been a garden. The stable in the rear was built on the same grand scale as the house, and opened upon the parallel street; the property thus occupying the breadth of a whole block.

It is difficult to imagine anything more elaborate than the manner in which the house was furnished. The furniture and paintings were brought from Paris by the builder of this stately mansion, he having served his country in an official capacity in that luxurious city of the old world.

Dazed and bewildered, with very much of the same feeling that must have filled the breast of Aladdin when he penetrated into the cave of jewels and saw the golden trees laden with their precious fruit, Fergus followed Clinton through the mansion, the servants nodding kindly to him as the friend of the "young master," and finally the exploration ceased in the sitting-room beneath the stained-glass skylight, and here were three persons.

Fergus saw Geraldine in a white dress, with a cherry-colored sash, and Mrs. Stuyvesant, in a rich silk of a garnet hue, but the strange gentleman made him draw back and whisper in Clinton's ear:

"There's your father—maybe he won't like my being here."

"No, it isn't," answered Clinton. "That isn't the governor; that's my uncle Elliott. Don't you be frightened; he won't eat you. Come along."

He dragged Fergus forward by the arm, crying out:

"See here, mother and Gerry, I've brought Ferg here to show you what a nice-looking fellow he is when he's dressed up. Make your best bow, Ferg," he added, in an undertone, to him, and Fergus ducked his head accordingly.

Elliott Yorke turned to look at the strange boy, and an involuntary exclamation broke from his lips.

"Good heavens!" he cried, in a tone of great surprise.

CHAPTER XI.

FERGUS CREATES AN IMPRESSION.

MRS. STUYVESANT gazed up in wonder in her brother's face. He had been standing beside her, resting one arm upon her high-backed chair, while he conversed with her. He was a man who seldom displayed any emotion—a calm, dignified gentleman, with his once dark-brown hair and beard thickly streaked with gray. She was at a loss to account for his sudden emotion.

"What surprises you, Elliott?" she asked.

"The boy—look at him."

"I do—and he's not bad-looking, as Clinton says; what freaks he has, to be sure; but for this lad, so Geraldine tells me, both she and Clinton might have been drowned."

"But do you not see? his face, his hair—those eyes—the very hue!" whispered Yorke, bending down his head to do so.

Mrs. Stuyvesant studied Fergus' face intently, and the lad became embarrassed under the scrutiny, shifting his feet uneasily, and blushing until his usually pale cheeks assumed a vivid tint of carnation.

"How they're looking at me," he whispered to Clinton.

"Let them look," returned that irrepressible youth. "A cat may look at a king! Their looks won't hurt you. Hold up your head; you're looking fine, and that's what's the matter."

"Am I?" asked Fergus, dubiously.

"To be sure you are! Why, you are handsomer than a great many girls I know—handsomer than Gerry there."

"Oh, I don't think so!" rejoined Fergus, quickly.

At this moment Geraldine tripped toward them, and shook hands with Fergus.

"Clinton has fixed you up real nice," she said; "and I am glad he has, because you are such a brave boy."

And the blushes on Fergus' cheeks grew deeper still as he shook hands with, and heard the words of the little maiden.

"Don't mention it," he stammered. "I'd swim clear down to Staten Island to get you out of a scrape."

During this, Mrs. Stuyvesant completed her scrutiny.

"Strangely like!" she said.

"Ah! you see it, then?" he responded, eagerly.

"The resemblance?"

"Yes. Who does he put you in mind of?"

"Lorania."

"My wife?"

"Yes."
Elliott Yorke drew a long breath; it appeared as if some unpleasant suspicion that had just then crept into his mind had been confirmed.
"It is very singular," he murmured.
"Can this boy be any relation of your wife's?" asked Mrs. Stuyvesant.
The question annoyed him.
"Impossible!" he rejoined, quickly. "Lorania, when I married her, was Garret Van Amringe's only surviving child. The others died in infancy. She never had a brother or sister married—she was the last of the family."

"But there were other branches of the family?" questioned Mrs. Stuyvesant, musingly.
"True; but distant ones."
"Did you ever see any of them?"
"No; though I believe there are some of them living here in New York."
"I have an idea that this boy is a Van Amringe. Such a resemblance could not be entirely accidental, it appears to me. Resemblances run strangely in families. See how much Geraldine resembles me."

"But you are her mother—what more natural?" His brow clouded as he continued: "And if that boy is like his mother she is the very image of—"

He paused abruptly, as if he found the thought too repugnant for utterance.
"Lorania," she supplied.
"Yes," he answered.
"Oh! what a preposterous idea," she exclaimed. "You must not entertain it. I will question the boy, and you will speedily find that a random resemblance has misled you. Clinton, bring your young friend here," she called out to him.

Clinton pushed Fergus forward with this admonition: "Hold up your head, don't be so bashful!"
Elliott Yorke's gray eyes were fastened upon Fergus' face in a searching manner as the lad modestly advanced. With all his fearlessness Fergus felt abashed in the presence of this dignified gentleman, and handsome lady; but modesty is always the attendant of true courage.

"What is your name, my lad?" inquired Mrs. Stuyvesant, in a kindly manner.
"Fergus Fearnought," answered Fergus, promptly.
"And he's a bully boy," added Clinton, impressively.

"Oh, Clinton, for shame!" cried Mrs. Stuyvesant. "How often have I requested you to refrain from such expressions. I dislike to hear such slang."
"The young men of the present day are not what they were in my boyhood," observed Elliott Yorke.

"Of course not, uncle," returned the incorrigible Clinton. "I used to hear grandfather say the same thing about the boys in his time. You wasn't up to his mark, any more than we are to yours—but the world still moves, and boys are livelier than they used to be."

Elliott Yorke's grave features relaxed into a smile.
"Wisdom from the mouth of a babe," he said. "We old fellows stand still, and the world moves away from us. But the heart never grows old. It maintains all its freshness through all the changes and mutations of time."

While he made these remarks his eyes lingered upon Fergus' face, and he found the likeness that had at first impressed him growing stronger and stronger.
Mrs. Stuyvesant brought the conversation back to the starting-point by saying:
"You have a singular name—Fergus Fearnought! Is Fearnought the name of your family?"

"I don't know," replied Fergus.
"Was it your father's name?" pursued Mrs. Stuyvesant.
"I don't know," replied Fergus again.
"Don't know!" repeated Mrs. Stuyvesant, surprisedly. "Don't you know what your father's name was?"

"No, ma'am; I don't know anything about him."
"Ah!" murmured Elliott Yorke; and he exchanged an inquiring glance with Mrs. Stuyvesant.
She continued her inquiries, but in so genial a manner that Fergus readily gave her his confidence.

"What name did your mother have?" she asked.
"I don't know," answered Fergus. "I don't know any more about my mother than I do about my father. I never saw either of them since I have been old enough to remember anything."

"Poor boy!" exclaimed Mrs. Stuyvesant, involuntarily, and this display of sympathy went straight to Fergus' heart. "Who brought you up?"
Fergus hesitated here, and his face flushed, but after a moment's pause he answered:
"I was brought up in the almshouse in Rockland county, but they didn't treat me well, so I ran away, and came down here; and I had a pretty rough time of it until Fleda's mother took me in, but now I'm doing pretty fair."

"The history of many a poor boy in this great city," said Elliott Yorke. "Were you called Fergus in the almshouse, my boy?"
"Yes, sir."
"Anything else?"
"No, sir."

"Then where did you get the name of Fearnought?"
"Because he's so spunky," volunteered Clinton.

Fergus explained how this name had been bestowed upon him by Fleda Nandrus, and this led to quite an account of Fleda and her mother, and the peasant speculation in which that sprightly young maiden had just engaged. Elliott Yorke was much interested in this account, and when Fergus had finished he took out his pocket-book, saying:

"As you have to furnish capital for this enterprise, you must permit me to aid you, as a recompense for the service you to-day rendered my nephew and niece."

With this he gave Fergus a five-dollar green-back.
"Oh! but I don't want it," stammered Fergus.

"Yes, you do," whispered Clinton. "Take it—he's got lots of money, and he'll never miss it—take it, take all you can get; that's the way I do, and I make it fly lively, you bet!"

Fergus put the note in his vest-pocket.
"I'm much obliged to you, sir," he said; "but I'll do anything for Clint here, and his sister, too, and never ask a cent for it."

"And so would Clint for you," returned the heir of the Stuyvesants. "You're hunkydory! But come; let's mizzle; I guess they have seen about all they want to of us just at present. Ta, ta, uncle; save the first vacancy in the store for my bold Ferg, here; he'll make a good clerk, for he takes naturally to boats and all that sort of thing."

"I will," replied Elliott Yorke, promptly. "He shall have the first vacancy that occurs."
"All right; then I needn't say anything to

the governor—as I was going to—about it. Come, let's skedaddle!"

So saying, Clinton locked his arm in that of Fergus, and led him from the room.
"Dear me!" cried Mrs. Stuyvesant, vexedly, "what slang that boy does indulge in. It quite shocks me. I'm afraid he has very low associations."

"He is no worse than the rest of the boys of the present day," returned Elliott Yorke. "The age tends toward slang and a kind of feverish frivolity. The daily newspapers greatly encourage this feeling, and treat even the gravest subjects with a kind of flippant facetiousness; that is as ghastly in its merit as a dancing-party in a graveyard. Corruption and deceit hem us in on every side until one cannot help exclaiming with the melancholy Dane:

"There's something rotten in the State of Denmark!"

Our Ship of State seems to have got among the breakers, lured thither by innumerable false beacons."

"Dear me! you quite frighten me," rejoined Mrs. Stuyvesant, lifting her eyebrows in a languid manner that indicated anything but fright. "There, run away, Geraldine; I wish to speak to your uncle."

Geraldine obeyed her mother's bidding and quitted the room.
"Now, brother, what do you think about this boy?" continued Mrs. Stuyvesant.

"I don't know what to think," he replied, thoughtfully. "He is a waif, a stray, his own account of himself shows. The resemblance of his face to Lorania's is astonishing. It appears to be too strong to be accidental. I cannot account for it, but I firmly believe now that the boy is in some way related to Lorania."

Mrs. Stuyvesant looked surprised.
"How can that be?" she inquired. "You say that Lorania was the only child when you married her?"

"I said I had no knowledge of any other child. She was the only one that Garret Van Amringe acknowledged to the world; and yet it is an old saying that there is a 'skeleton' in every household—a mystery hidden from the world, and Van Amringe may have had another daughter unknown to me."

"And this daughter may have been the mother of this boy?"
"It is not unlikely. That would account for this family likeness in his features; and in no other way can it be accounted for. I am convinced in my own mind that the boy has some of the Van Amringe blood in his veins, and that conviction will induce me to befriend him."

"He is a very good-looking boy," returned Mrs. Stuyvesant, "and seems well-behaved, so I am not sorry that Clinton has made his acquaintance; but I think you are entirely mistaken in regard to his origin."

Elliott Yorke shook his head dissenting.
"Time will show," he answered; and he took his leave of her.

Fergus followed Clinton back to his room in quite a flutter of excitement, but it was of a pleasurable nature. He rolled his old clothes into a bundle and Clinton gave him a newspaper—a sporting journal—to wrap them up in.

"I'm in luck to-day!" he exclaimed, as he busied himself about this. "A new suit of clothes, and a five-dollar bill! By jinks! won't Fleda open her eyes when she sees me?"

"Let her open them!" rejoined Clinton. "Give her a good look, and don't charge her anything. You deserve all you've got; and that's where you are lucky, for a fellow doesn't always get all he deserves in this world! Come on now, and I'll let you out by the side door."

They descended to the lower floor, and Fergus had a further experience of the eccentricity of the builder of this labyrinthine mansion. Clinton opened the side door—which was a smaller one than that at the main entrance—for him to pass out, but checked him on the top step by asking:

"What are you going to do to-morrow?"
"Nothing particular," replied Fergus.
"Couldn't we do the Joss-house?"
"Yes, if you like."

"Then we will. I'll be down your way about ten o'clock in the morning. Wait until I come."
"I will."

"We'll interview the pig-tails, as the newspapers say. We ought to have some sport."
"I'll put you through."

"Take care of yourself!"
"I'll try to!"

Fergus sped lightly down the steps, and turned his face homeward.
"He's sound on the goose!" remarked Clinton, reflectively, as he closed the door.

Fergus had quite a long walk before him, but he made nothing of it. He walked to the music of his own thoughts, and they played a very lively and exhilarating tune.

It was six o'clock, however, by the time he reached the old house on Baxter street, and he found Fleda and her mother waiting supper for him.

The supper was quite a meal in that humble dwelling, as Mrs. Nandrus generally came home from a hard day's work with a good appetite, and Fergus picked up what he could by way of lunch, in his rambles after jobs, at noon.

"Mercy's sakes!" cried Fleda, the moment she saw him; "whatever have you been doing to yourself? Oh! why I never should have known you on the street."

"Don't I look gay?"
"Prime! You've got a new suit of clothes?"
"Yes," answered Fergus, triumphantly; "and a five-dollar bill in my pocket, and a biled shirt on my back!"

Fleda held up her hands in amazement.
"Oh, just listen to him!" she cried. "I do believe he's crazy—yes, crazy as a bedbug!" she added, with conviction.

"Bedbugs he blowed! It's the big bugs that I've been visiting—up at Clint Stuyvesant's house, and I've made enough by it to set your peanut business going with a rush. Houp-I!"

And Fergus turned his bundle into a football and kicked it up to the ceiling. In its descent it alighted on Fleda's nose, just as she had her mouth open to give vent to a string of questions, and quenched her momentarily.

"You are in good spirits, Fergus," said Mrs. Nandrus—a little, pale woman, with the impress of a life of toil upon her features. "Tell us of your good fortune?"

"Yes, yes—oh, my!—that's what I'm just dying to know!" spluttered Fleda.
"Let's have supper first, for I'm awful hungry," replied Fergus; "and then I'll tell you all about it."

CHAPTER XII.

LORANIA YORKE.

CEDAR LAWN was the name which had been given to the residence that the rich merchant, Elliott Yorke, occupied upon Bergen Heights,

as delightful a situation as can be found within the vicinity of New York.

The mansion was large and imposing in appearance, and was surrounded by about an acre of ground, which was tastefully laid out in groves, flower parterres, graveled walks, shrubbery, arbors, and statuary.

There was a conservatory attached to the mansion which was filled with rare exotic flowering plants. A tall tower rose from the center of the roof of the main house, forming an observatory. From the tower windows (it had four, facing the principal points of the compass), on a clear day fine views were to be had, and fragrant breezes bore life and health to the grateful nostrils.

To the west could be seen Newark bay and city, and the green and wooded slopes of the Orange mountains; to the north, the clear current of the Hudson river sweeping along the base of the romantic Palisades, and the rocky crest of Weehawken; to the east, the countless steeples and towering roofs of stately buildings in New York city, wreathed in a smoky haze, rose to view; and to the south, the broad bay, with its ever-moving panorama of all kinds of vessels, from all nations, with its little islands, the shore of Brooklyn, Robin's Reef, and the shore of Staten Island, glistened in the sunlight.

The gaze could linger here for hours without wearying of this varied prospect. But the mansion had other attractions. Its spacious and elaborately-furnished parlors were graced with richly-framed paintings by the most famous of the old masters.

There one could feast the eyes upon the gems of Raphael, Michael Angelo, Correggio, Tintoretto, Giorgione, Domenich, Rubens, Da Vinci, and other great painters who have left an undying fame.

While the eyes were thus supplied with a source of enjoyment, the mind was not forgotten. A library adjoined the parlors, and its shelves were filled with the best works of the best authors. The volumes were of all shapes and sizes, and every variety of binding was displayed, from the plainest to the richest.

Odd engravings in quaint frames, and elegant chairs, hung in such numbers upon the walls that there did not appear to be room to place another one.

A round table, covered with all the latest magazines and illustrated newspapers, occupied the center of the room, and half a dozen easy-chairs were scattered about in snug corners.

Truly Cedar Lawn was the abode of luxury. Who could be otherwise than happy beneath the roof that covered such sumptuous furnishings?

And yet, if the gossip of the neighbors was to be credited, the mistress of this stately mansion was not happy. Gossip could merely state the fact without giving the slightest hint at the cause.

Lorania Yorke had everything in this world that is generally supposed to constitute happiness, and that she should not possess this was a mystery—a mystery beyond the power of friend or acquaintance to solve.

She had beauty, wealth, a proud station, a husband who fairly idolized her, and yet a smile was never seen on her fair face. A pensive look of settled melancholy was its prevailing characteristic. It seemed as if some blight had fallen upon her life, in her fresh, young womanhood, and chilled all mirth and gladness in her frame.

Her face in its classic, chaste beauty, affected the gaze like a snowy landscape revealed by the moon's pale beams. It was very beautiful, but sad and cheerless.

Elliott Yorke had seen that look upon her face when she placed her hand in his before the minister and solemnly pledged her life to him in faltering accents. He had seen that look, and inwardly resolved that his great love and tender care should speedily drive it away and bring back the merry, gladsome face of her childhood, for the Lorania Van Amringe that he had seen grow up from childhood had been a wild romp, and this strange change puzzled him.

Remembering what she had been, he was confident that he could restore the gaiety of her girlhood; but he never did. This strange sadness baffled all his care and love. The cloud from her face settled over his heart, and fostered a cankerous care there that was a source of perpetual disquietude to him.

He had appealed to her father, old Garret Van Amringe, for the cause of this strange sadness, and the old man had answered indifferently:

"It's nothing, only her way." When he questioned Lorania, tenderly and gently, she had replied, passively, and almost like an echo to her father: "It is nothing! do not mind me; it is my way."

Elliott Yorke was by no means content. Though the senior of his fair young bride by nearly twenty years, he loved her with a strange, wild fervor, and this love was all the stronger that it had come to him so late in life.

He groaned in spirit over his wife's inexplicable sadness.

"I might as well have married a marble statue, coldly and chastely beautiful, for all the love that I can ever win from her!" was his bitter reflection.

Then Garret Van Amringe died suddenly of apoplexy—he was a high liver—and it was discovered, to everybody's surprise, that, instead of being the rich man he was supposed to be, he was deeply in debt. Reckless speculation had ruined him. When his estate was settled not a dollar was left for Lorania.

Elliott Yorke thought he had found the key to her inexplicable sadness.

"She knew how her father was involved," he told himself. "That is what has troubled her."

He questioned her upon the matter, and she frankly answered him:

"Yes, Elliott, my father was the cause of my sadness. I cannot help it, but I will strive my best against it."

He was satisfied. The thought had intruded itself into his mind that she had come to him an unwilling bride—a thought that was very galling to his proud spirit, and this answer put that thought to rest.

The years passed on but the sadness still clouded Lorania's face. Two children were born to her, and both died in her infancy, and now there was cause for a sad look on those pale features, but it was still the same, neither deeper or more marked than before.

Elliott Yorke, immersed in business cares—he was one of the merchant princes of New York—was absent the greater part of the day from his luxurious home. His cousin and junior partner, Rufus Glendenning, occupied an apartment at Cedar Lawn. He was young enough to be Yorke's son. The merchant had taken charge of him when he was quite a lad and made a home for him in his own family.

Rufus Glendenning owed everything he had in the world to Elliott Yorke. How grateful he was to his benefactor the events to follow will show.

Lorania passed many solitary hours in this mansion on the hill. She had her carriage and coachman and could ride when she wished, and she visited among all the old Knickerbocker families in her neighborhood, but she greatly preferred the seclusion of her own home, and her chief pleasure was in the library among its literary treasures. This collection she had made herself. She read everything with the greatest avidity.

There was a little quaint table—in an old forgotten pattern—in one corner of the library which held drawing materials. Lorania, who was quite an artist, amused many an hour by sketching, and her book was well-filled with sketches of the different views around Cedar Lawn.

She had drawn crayons of the house and grounds, a portrait of Elliott Yorke, herself, and the two children they had lost, and these were handsomely framed and hung on the library wall.

It is pursuing this favorite occupation that I shall present her to the reader, on a bright warm day in August.

Her figure is slight and girlish. At thirty-five she retains the face and shape that were hers at twenty. Did I not tell you her age you would never guess it. Her face is smooth, unlined, and as colorless as polished ivory.

This pallor, which has no tinge of ghastliness to it, appears most singular at a first glance, but one soon becomes accustomed to it. Her eyes are of so dark a blue as to appear black in the shade, but in the sunlight the azure hue shows vividly. They are very large and full, and have an appealing, anguished look in them that is strongly touching. Her forehead is high and broad, and her hair a pale corn color, as shining and as glossy as satin. It is twisted in a coronal around her head, and fastened at the back in the Grecian fashion. This gives her head a classic look like those we find on the old Greek and Roman medallions. Her nose is long and straight, her mouth small, with well-cut lips, but those lips are as colorless as her cheeks.

She wears a loose white wrapper, made of some fleecy material, and grided at the waist by a blue sash. There is a blue bow at her throat from the center of which gleams a diamond pin, the stone being the size of a pea, and shining with a great brilliancy.

This is the only ornament she wears. Daintily she holds the pencil with her white, transparent fingers, and sketches rapidly.

Let us approach and look over her shoulder as she does so. We are like Prince Elfin with his red cap on; we are invisible to her eyes—she can neither see nor hear us.

She is very intent upon her work, tracing a head upon a little square of card-board—a boyish head, which she draws with great skill and singular beauty. You think it must be a portrait, it looks so real and life-like—a portrait though she is drawing it from memory; and as her work progresses toward completion a wonderful change takes place in this woman, who is considered by her husband and acquaintances to be as scarcely more than a living statue.

A faint tinge of pink steals to her cheeks, as delicate in hue as that which dwells in the heart of the sea-shell, her eyes gleam with a look of joy and pride, in utter contrast to their usual sad look, her breath comes pantingly, and her bosom heaves with an unwonted motion.

She lays down her pencil, having completed her task, contemplates the image she has drawn for a moment with a yearning look of love, then bows her head and presses her lips to it in a lingering caress.

"He lives—he lives! and I have seen him!" she murmurs, tremulously. "Oh! my heart, what joy, what pain, is in the thought. To see him—to know he lives, and yet not dare to—"

She paused abruptly, seized the card and thrust it into her bosom. Then she turned and coldly faced the servant who entered the library, and whose coming she had heard.

"Well, Christine?" she said.
"A gentleman to see you, ma'am," answered the maid, and she extended a card toward her as she spoke.

Mrs. Yorke arose at once to her feet and took the card, glancing quickly at the inscription upon it.

It contained this name:
CYRUS JELLIFFE, LL.D.

"I have been expecting him," she said. "Is he in the parlor?"
"Yes, ma'am."

"I will go to him."
Lorania passed into the hall and through it to the front parlor door which she entered. She found Mr. Jelliffe standing in front of one of the French windows, holding his hat in his hand, and gazing into the garden in an abstract manner.

The soft carpet deadened her footfalls and she reached his side without his being aware of her coming. She touched his arm and he turned around and grasped her hand cordially, exclaiming:

"My dear Lorania, I trust I find you well?"
Mr. Jelliffe was a tall man, fully six feet in height, with a slight stoop in his shoulders, of spare figure, and over sixty years of age. He was bald on the top of his head, and what hair he had, and his thin side-whiskers, were silvery white. He had regular, but rather severe features, and clear gray eyes. His appearance was dignified and striking. He looked like a man of wealth and position in the world. A man who had won his honors worthily and wore them becomingly.

The look from his clear gray eyes lingered searchingly upon Lorania's face as he inquired after her health, and he noted at once that some unusual agitation was at work in her breast.

She placed a chair for him by one of the windows.
"Be seated, I have something strange to tell you," she said, hurriedly.

A shade of care clouded his broad forehead as he took the chair she proffered.

"Your agitation is strange," he answered, "for you are usually so calm and impassive."

She drew a chair opposite to him and sunk into it.

"What has happened?" he continued.
"A gleam of sunshine has burst upon my heart and thawed the ice that has so long encased it," she answered, and her lips quivered with a faint smile.

Her manner bewildered him.
"You smile!" he exclaimed, as if he found something surprising in the act.

"And you wonder at it? So do I! I never thought to smile again; I thought my heart was dead to every sense and feeling. I felt like that king of England who never smiled again after the tidings were brought to him that the prince, his son, was drowned. You have, doubtless, heard the story?"

"I have," replied Mr. Jelliffe, gravely. "Your loss was greater than his."
"For I lost all."

"True—true!"
"It is not true!" she cried vehemently.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 309.)

SONG.

Oh, friend, sweet friend of other days,
Though thou art far away,
Thy spirit haunts my soul to night,
Like some forgotten lay,
And, 'mid the thoughts so sweetly sad,
My heart grows glad again,
Till memory mocks me with her smile—
"Yet, oh, it might have been!"

Vials of Wrath:

OR, THE GRAVE BETWEEN THEM.

BY MRS. MARY REED CROWELL,
AUTHOR OF "TWO GIRLS' LIVES," "LOVE-BLIND," "OATH BOUND," "BARBARA'S FATE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE SELF-STRUGGLE.

The promise that Ethel gave Leslie Verne regarding her answer to his offer of marriage, and which was due him the morning after his proposal, was to Ethel of more than ordinary importance, and when she had retired to her room that night, after an evening of unusually quiet thoughtfulness, that did not escape Mrs. Argelyne's shrewd observation, it was with emotions difficult to be described.

The entire truth lay in a nut-shell. A plain question required an equally plain answer, and the problem was solved. Ethel knew the question—did she love Leslie Verne as a woman should love a man if she intends to marry him?

She knew the question perfectly, but the answer—Ethel confessed to herself, with frank shame, that she did not know it.

She did know that Leslie loved her. She was so confident of that fact as she was of her own existence; and coequal with the assurance was a proud satisfaction that through all her dark, all her glorious past, Verne had been single-hearted.

Again, he knew her so well; all her faults, all her good qualities; and she realized with a little flash of pride that it was no hasty, hurried compliment he had offered her when he gave himself to her, but the patient result of a patient decision and waiting.

He was able to place her in a position that would be very congenial to her; her life would be one long, beautiful compensation for the ills she had already undergone, and she had not a doubt of Leslie's devotion.

These were her arguments in his favor; and she made them, with delicious dashes, stealing slowly from chin to brow as she paced to and fro, with deliberate, even steps.

But—now came the solemn part of her self-communings—did she love him?

How was it possible for her to love him—desirable, lovable though she knew he was—when six months ago she had loved her husband with her whole heart? When only six short months ago she had parted with him forever? Was it right? Was it womanly? Was it worthy of her to be able to so soon fill his place?

These were the self-queries that hurt her to the very core in answerless and yet, above, around, through all the misery her thoughts occasioned her, was one sweet comfort—Leslie was truly a friend, the dearest, best, woman had ever had.

And so Ethel passed an hour or two, walking unwearyingly up and down, her light, springing footfall coming to Mrs. Argelyne's ears, as she sat in her own room, with a smile of pitiful tenderness in her fine face.

She sat and listened a long while, then arose and walked to Ethel's door, and tapped lightly. "May I come in? Somehow I am not sleepy to-night, and I knew you were awake yet."

Ethel smiled faintly, not meaning an unwelcome by the lack of ardor in her greeting; and Mrs. Argelyne understood at once that the girl was in the very heart of the battle she was fighting.

So she went quietly across the room and seated herself in Ethel's low rocking-chair, watching the girl walk disquietedly to and fro. Then, after perhaps ten minutes of silence, she spoke—very tenderly, very sympathizingly:

"Can I help you, dear?"
Her words told Ethel she knew all; one glance at the kind, benignant face was enough to break down any scruples Ethel might have foolishly entertained regarding consulting Mrs. Argelyne on the subject of Leslie Verne's offer.

Now, Mrs. Argelyne's simple, direct question touched Ethel to the core, and she was swiftly over to the low chair in which Mrs. Argelyne sat, and knelt on the rug beside her, with her beautiful, goldenly glorious head on her knees.

"You can help me by listening to me, dear Mrs. Argelyne. I do not think, however, any one can decide for me."

"You are right," Mrs. Argelyne returned, quietly, as she softly stroked the girl's hair. "No one should decide such a momentous question for you, and yet, dear, I am strongly inclined to plead in my boy's favor. He loves you very dearly."

She felt Ethel shrink slightly at the plain words; then

mouth, the tear-flushed cheeks, over which fled alternate pallor and blush.

Still Ethel did not answer; her heart was so full she dreaded to trust her voice. She lifted her eyes, however, frankly, silently, to Mrs. Argelyne's face, that was full of solicitous yearning.

"Answer me this question, dear. Do you care at all for Leslie?"

A deeper carnation on the girl's cheeks, a sudden rush of puzzled tenderness to her eyes, preceded her answer.

"I don't know. Yes, I do care for him very, very much; he has been so good, so kind, and he loves me, I know. I do care, Mrs. Argelyne."

An expression of pain passed over Mrs. Argelyne's face.

"I am afraid you do not love him, poor, poor boy! He never would accept gratitude, Ethel, never. You don't know Leslie if you think that."

"I would not give him gratitude for love, Mrs. Argelyne; it would be as unjust to myself as to Leslie. I know he is far too good and noble and great for such as I; I know the woman he makes his wife will never know a cloud in her sky; yet—yet—how can I tell him I will accept such happiness when I am conscious of an unhealed wound in my heart; when I am not sure I can marry again, even when only the scar remains to show where the sore has been?"

Her low, pitiful voice carried its own appeal, and in her dusky, eloquent eyes, Mrs. Argelyne read the nobility of the nature that was so true to itself. Her arms suddenly closed round Ethel's neck in a warm embrace.

"I will not urge you more, my darling, nor shall I forget that you shall always be my own child, if you are not my boy's wife, or the mother of the little children I hoped to see playing in the big, lonely house your presence would so have brightened. Forgive me if I have pressed my pleading too closely home—will you, dear?"

"Forgive me that I am unable to add to your happiness. If I could—"

Ethel rose from her knees, and looked down in the lovely face, so placid, yet expressive of keenest disappointment.

"If I can—I will change my mind. I will try, indeed I will, to profit by your counsel—for you know I would not purposely or willingly grieve or disappoint you or poor Leslie. Kiss me good-night, please, now."

After Mrs. Argelyne had gone, Ethel sat beside her fire, crouched in the low chair, motionless, till the first gray streaks heralded the coming dawn.

CHAPTER XXXVII. MAN TO MAN.

MR. LEXINGTON had bidden Georgia good-night, and retired to his own rooms, that night after the wedding at Tanglewood, with such strong, strangely conflicting feelings, that he was completely overcome by them. He entered his apartments, closed and locked the doors, and then, in a very impatience of restlessness, commenced a promenade through the entire suite.

The day had been of peculiarly trying interest to him, so far as Georgia was concerned. It seemed to him he never had come so completely under her fascinating influence since the brief, blissful week years ago. It seemed he never had seen her look so passively fair as she had done that day, and there had been times when the sudden glance of her eyes, as his by some magnetic compulsion, met hers, held a power that thrilled him from head to foot.

She had been so queenly in her hospitality; he had seen how women loved her, how men admired her; and he had known, with a perfect barb of agony, that he loved her more than them all!

As he paced to and fro, his hands locked behind him, his head drooped on his breast, his whole soul went out in one wild, uncontrollable, fierce surging of love for this peerless woman, between whom and himself loomed the shadow of a baby's grave; between whom and him had arisen such fateful differences that seemed to defy reconciliation.

As he walked to and fro, while the woman he worshipped so madly sat alone in the fragrant dusk of the conservatory, thinking of him alone, there came to Lexington the full fruition of suffering. He realized, as he never had realized before, what a desolate wreck his life was, and was in prospect. He realized, keenly, that Georgia's beautiful face was the one haunting ghost that never would be laid. He accepted the fact of his worship of her, even while, with a pain-contraction of his brows, he admitted the scathing truth that he had been deceived, spurned, and defied by her in turn. He remembered, with increased throbbing of his heart, everything that had transpired, and so terribly in her disfavor, and yet, despite all the black list he saw looming opposite her name, his soul thrilled with the overwhelming, overpowering love that he knew was deathless.

His splendid countenance was convulsed with the fierceness of his emotions; his eyes were full of an awful bitterness of despair as he paused, trembling in sheer exhaustion.

"My own—my own! in the face of it all! My wife! my Georgia, despite her falsity, her treachery! My darling, whom I love with a love unending; for whom I would die to hear whisper once, 'Thee, I love you!'"

He resumed his restless walk again, a fire dawning in his eyes, that grew to a very blaze.

"I wonder if she would give me another chance? If I should offer her full, free forgiveness of all the past, and beg my pardon of her, and exchange mutual promises to bury this fearful past forever—would she—would she spurn me?"

He stopped abruptly beside the mantelpiece, gazing into the fire with his piercing eyes, while over his face chased expressions of hopelessness, followed by a sudden gleam of hope; anxiety, followed by a proud assurance that lent a perfect radiance to his features.

Then, he drew his handsome head proudly up, a tender, almost womanly smile on his mouth.

"The die is cast. I have forgiven her everything—the very worst. And I am going to her, to sue, as never lover sued before. My darling! My precious one! everything bows before the weight of my deathless love for you!"

He was handsome as a god as he walked quickly, firmly from the room. His eyes were radiant with the proud hope in his heart; yet his face was pale almost to deathliness from the subdued force of his feelings.

He tapped at her door, but learned from Amber, who opened it instantly, that Mrs. Lexington had not retired to her room yet, and in all probability he would find her in her favorite spot—in the conservatory.

So he went down stairs, with a thrill of bliss in his heart, thanking the Fates that Georgia was alone in a place so favorable for his suit. He walked firmly, quickly along the marble

hall, his footfalls echoing to the glad music of his tread. He passed the open doors of the deserted rooms, where lights burned dimly, and all the wedding favors had vanished, thinking, with an eagerness that increased with every step that brought him nearer Georgia, that like the vanished flowers and bridal appointments, so was feeling the mists and clouds that never more should separate him and the only woman he ever loved.

He paused one second on the threshold, his hand on the door-knob; hesitated to regain his self-possession ere he went in, through the orange-aisle, past the cactus green, and to the "messy" seat, where he knew she would be.

He knew the route perfectly. He knew the lights were glowing like moons, in their ground-glass globes, lending soft enchantment to the scene. He knew he would hear the plash of the cascade, the play of the fountains, the instant he opened the door. He knew he would walk softly up to Georgia, take her in his arms, close her mouth with such kisses that she would not be able to express surprise or anger. Then, he turned the handle, and stepped in full view of Carleton Vincy and his wife.

If a council of the Furies had arranged and perfected it, the scene that met his eyes could not have been more astonishingly fearful, or more peculiarly terrible.

A silence, more awesome than that which comes when a watcher by the bedside says, "He's dead!" seemed to petrify the three for an endlessly long second; then, with a strange, low, hissing noise, Lexington advanced several paces, his face working in a fearful fury of suddenly blasted hopes, indignation, jealousy, towering wrath.

It was appalling—the tableau they made—Lexington, the very impersonation of undisguised, outraged wrath. Vincy, in perfectly acted mortification and guilt, with his arm still around Georgia's waist, her hand still to his lips, as if he were petrified with the horror of the sudden exposure. Georgia, whiter than the filmy lace ruffles she wore, nearly fainting with horror, her woeful eyes fixed on Lexington's face in an imploring pity, that he so readily interpreted as the unexpected intrusion. It seemed as if he, too, were glued to the roof of her mouth. She tried to speak, but the horror of the situation held her in a speechless, helpless thrall, rendered all the more terrible by the sight of Lexington's blazing eyes, and the horribly suggestive pressure of Vincy's hand on hers, as he slowly regained his feet, and released her with a gentle carelessness that did not escape the fierce, wrathful eyes for which it was intended.

Then his voice broke the strange silence.

"It is not Georgia's fault. I am the one on whom all blame must fall—if blame there is."

The quick, hissing sound issued sharply from Lexington's lips; then, before he could speak, Georgia staggered from her seat, with her white, haggard face, her agonized eyes, her trembling mouth. She walked with difficulty—it seemed as if her limbs were getting spell-bound—but she managed to reach the floor in front of him, and fell on her knees in a supplication of agony.

"Theo! Theo! don't look so terribly at me! for God's sake, believe me when I swear I am innocent! don't, don't look at me so!"

She clasped her arms around his knees in passionately earnest entreaty, but he recoiled, as if her touch was pollution.

A slow smile crept over his features, so slowly, so grimly, that it was as awful as a smile on the face of a dead man.

"Innocent! Allow me to believe the evidences of my senses, madam, and inform you that if you are innocent, your opinion differs from mine."

His terrible calmness was infinitely worse to endure than the wildest rage would have been; and a stony, hopeless horror seized her as she crouched on the floor.

"You must believe her—she is innocent, I swear it, too."

Again that icy smile curled Lexington's lips as he raised his haughty eyes to Vincy's face, that was a perfect panorama of bogus quiet, fright, terror, shame.

"How far would the oath of a man go to the husband of the woman he makes love to? I beg to differ from both of you."

A gleeful malignity flared over Vincy's face—he was succeeding admirably. He had aroused the jealous doubts he hoped to arouse, and it made his vile heart throb with delight to see the unmistakable anguish on Lexington's face—cover it as he would with the iron mask of cold contempt. Lexington bowed mockingly to Georgia.

"As I have not the honor of your friend's acquaintance, suppose I beg an introduction?"

It was a moment of supreme suspense. Vincy waited, in fawning glances, to see how Lexington would receive the blow to be thrust at him; while Georgia, in panting terror, glanced first at one, then the other.

"He is a villain, a rogue, who has come here to-night only to insult and hurt me in your estimation! Theo, have him ordered from the premises!—have him horsewhipped!—anything to relieve me forever of his hateful presence!"

Her honest eyes were fixed on Lexington's marble face, her perfect lips quivered with intense emotion, and she waited for his answer.

Vincy's voice broke the momentary silence.

"Yes, she is right. I do deserve to be horsewhipped; I will gladly be horsewhipped for her sake."

His pretended humility only seemed to strengthen Lexington's suspicions, and to urge him into hostile rage, which he could conceal a very little longer under the icy restraint he imposed upon himself.

He utterly ignored both Georgia's and Vincy's remarks.

"Your visitor's name, if you please, Mrs. Lexington?"

He said it with a quiet, compelling demand that was the death-knell of every hope of Georgia's to keep the secret from him. She caught a gleam of triumph from Vincy's eyes, she saw the cold, stately patience in Lexington's; and then, in a faint, constrained tone, she made the announcement, feeling as if the very world sunk from under her feet.

"It is Carleton Vincy."

Lexington started as if a cannon had been fired in his ear. His countenance paled to the hue of ashes, and grew as rigid as if hewn from marble. His blazing eyes turned from Georgia's face to Vincy's with a slow movement, that was the essence of intensest bewilderment. A haughty, repellent curl curved his lips, a sternness, an indignation, a horror as keen as a knife-blade was written on every line of his face as he stared unflinchingly in his rival's face.

Vincy smiled with the cool devilry of a man who has the advantage for the moment.

"I told you she was innocent—as all the world would utter no voice against a husband making love to his own wife. Do you still approve of horsewhipping me?"

A sudden fury leaped from Lexington's eyes, that had darkened until they were black as moonless midnight.

"Silence—you scum of earth! How dare you call her your wife—you—"

Vincy laughed this time, a low, satirical laugh.

"Words fail you? Permit me to finish the sentence by assuring you I still regard her as my wife, no matter what your claims are; that we love each other very dearly—"

A gasping sob from Georgia interrupted him.

"Theo! not—no, I never loved him, never, and he knows how lying his words are. He knows how he has persecuted me, and how I have paid him to let me alone in peace. He knows I love you with all—"

A disdainful gesture from Lexington suddenly silenced her.

"That will do, sir—will you leave the premises at once, or put me to the trouble of ejecting you?"

Lexington's temper was getting the best of him now every moment. Hitherto he had been desperately calm, cool, contemptuous, but now there came in his eyes a red glow that made Georgia shiver lest he struck her foe dead between them. Vincy saw the ominous gleam, but not with dread. Rather, he actually smiled in the full fruition of his success—smiled in Lexington's deathly pale face.

"I will go unassisted, when I have bidden my wife good-night. Georgia!" and he turned to her with a malignant smile on his sensual lips, that escaped Lexington's eyes by the turn of Vincy's head; "Georgia, my darling, be assured I will—"

He never finished the sentence, for with a howl of ungovernable fury, Lexington sprang toward him, collaring him with the grip of an iron vise.

"Silence! silence, or I will choke your vile life out of you! Now, march!"

He pushed him violently along through the leafy aisles, and when they reached the door, Lexington gave him a tremendous kick that sent Vincy clear to the foot of the steps. Then, not waiting to learn the result, Lexington closed and locked the door, and returned to Georgia with a set, stern rage on his face that seemed imprinted for all eternity.

CHAPTER XXXVIII. THE OPENING ROSE.

THE extended tour of the bridal pair, occupying six weeks of time, and covering thousands of miles of travel, was over at last, and "Mr. and Mrs. John Lexington" established in their elegant residence on Madison avenue. During their absence, the house which Havelstock had purchased a few weeks prior to his marriage, was fitted up regardless of expense; a corps of servants had been engaged, and at the very latest date a supply of provisions ordered, so that when Havelstock telegraphed by what train they might be expected, his stylish turnout with footman and coachman in olive-brown livery, met the couple at the Pennsylvania railroad depot; and at their new home, they found a sumptuous repast, delightfully warmed and illuminated rooms awaiting them.

It was very bright—the looks ahead Havelstock so enjoyed taking. There seemed no end to the money; he had an *entree* into the very best society; he could dispose of his time exactly as he chose; he had his fast horses, his wine cellar, his yacht, his pretty little wife, who dressed well, danced well, and made an *impression* of agreeableness, if nothing better. He had fully made up his mind as to his course, and he intended that no human power should intervene. He was determined to be master in his house, and to be obeyed implicitly by his wife. He wanted her to be occupied with all the foolish nothings that please women of her caliber—and Ida was merely a representative of the grand majority that find their soul's delight in shopping and gossiping; with their dressmakers and poodles; at matinees, operas, and receptions.

It was necessary that Ida should be thus employed, he argued, so that she would have no time, consequently no inclination, to learn of his movements, or, possibly, by some awkward *contretemps*, stumble upon her husband's past.

They were not the happiest two in the world—Havelstock and Ida. Already—even before they had been a fortnight married, Ida had learned the tyrannical disposition of her husband, that would brook no opposition. She had attempted to go contrary to a decision of his on some trifling subject; had flared up, with her customary short-tempered independence; attempted, vainly, to assert her rights as she declared she always would do; and had ended most ingloriously, in a fit of passionate weeping, red, swollen eyes—and silent, sullen obedience.

Since then she had been very particular not to run counter to her lord's will; and Havelstock gave her credit for her shrewdness, and held the reins as reluctantly as ever. But the little episode had not made Ida any happier, and, we must confess, not especially miserable. She loved Havelstock as much as her nature would permit, and was so proud of him that she felt she could afford to yield.

As regarded him—he endured Ida very patiently, for he knew he owed everything to her, even his interest at Tanglewood. He was coolly attentive, quietly kind; he took her wherever he wanted to take her; and went alone when he didn't want her; he ordered her visiting lists and regulated her entertainments; and all, with a consciousness of the gnawing, aching *something* somewhere about him, that never ceased, night or day. Of course it was the memory of Ethel—not the memory of regret, or sorrow for the anguish he knew he had caused her, upon no provocation of hers. It was not a pity for her desolation, an anxiety for her welfare; it was no such honest feeling as any of these—for his wicked, selfish, callous heart had long ago steeled against such influences.

But—it was the love he still felt for her; the selfish sorrow he experienced because he was forever shut out from seeing her sweet face, feeling her clinging arms around his neck, her warm kisses on his mouth.

He had no one but himself to console—he knew that. He had sat down and deliberately counted the cost. He had thought there would be more than compensation in the price he sold her for—and there was not. Her eyes haunted him with their grave wisdomfulness; he was forever seeing her sweet sunny smile, always hearing her low, passionate calling of his name. And what with the remembering, the seeing, the hearing, among all the goods the gods had given him, he was perfectly miserable for the love of his pure, discarded wife.

Where was she, of course he had not the remotest idea. That she lived under a roof not half a mile away would have been the most astonishing news he could have heard; and had he but known that when he and Ida one day bowed to Mrs. Argelyne as their carriage passed in the Park, that Ethel sat in the corner of the back seat, with her eyes downcast and her head averted, as she was seriously meditating on the subject of Leslie Verne's offer, he would have quaked with horror.

Had Ida but known, or Ethel, or Mrs. Argelyne, or any one!

But, so far he was safe, to all appearances; and yet, he was rapidly nearing the very edge of the precipice, over which he was doomed to be hurled.

Since her conversation with Mrs. Argelyne that night in her own room, affairs had progressed very pleasantly, yet quietly. Ethel had told Leslie frankly the decision, or rather, the undecided she had come to; she had told him, as she had told Mrs. Argelyne, all her reasons, and her intense wish to change her mind, if possible.

It had been a keen disappointment to the patient, adoring lover, and Ethel fairly shrunk in affright at the way he received his fate.

It seemed to positively stun him. He was unnaturally calm as he listened to her deprecating rejection, tempered with such winsome consideration for his feelings, and her very refusal fired him the more with the heart-sick longing to have her for his own.

Then, when she had told him all her heart, thus proving her devoted friendship by her unrestricted confidence, she waited for his acceptance of her refusal—stood like a bended lily, with her golden head slightly drooped, her hands pressing the back of the chair that stood before her.

When Leslie had spoken it had been with an intensity of tone, a restrained strength of feeling, a patient, determined endurance, a nobility of principle that in after days Ethel remembered as the very beginning of everything.

"I do not blame you, Ethel. I know you have acted exactly as I would have the woman act whom I want for my wife. But, remember this one thing, this promise, oath—anything you may call it: that, although you are free as the air to bestow your precious affections where you will, I am bound to you in solemn betrothal, for life and death, as I have been since I first knew and loved you."

It had touched her deeply; somehow, from that very hour she found herself listening for his footsteps; she felt her cheeks burn at mention of his name, and her heart would throb as in earlier days, when his deep, grave, intense eyes met hers with that patient questioning, that positive worship in them she always saw.

Mrs. Argelyne watched Ethel with silent satisfaction those days while she was becoming shy of Leslie's presence; while Leslie quietly seemed compelling her love by the potency of his own. Odd smiles were sometimes caught fleeting across her face, and one day when Ethel had been reading to her, something—that curious magnetism we all have experienced—made her look suddenly up, to catch that amused, sage smile, with Mrs. Argelyne's eyes fully fixed on hers.

A vivid rush of scarlet over Ethel's face made her more uneasy.

"What is it, Mrs. Argelyne? I was not reading incorrectly, was I?"

"You read exquisitely, but I want to hear you talk. Put 'Katrina' away, and let's have one of our old-fashioned chats. Do you know it has been a month, nearly, since you took me so briefly into your confidence?"

Ethel understood the graceful insinuation. Her cheeks were glowing, and she averted her face.

"A month? It seems impossible. How the time has flown!"

"From which I argue most favorably—even on the case in question. I want to talk about Leslie. May I?"

She was watching Ethel closely.

"If you wish, certainly."

The answer came in her lowest, sweetest tones.

"Then I shall commence by asking you if you have not succeeded in changing your mind? Do you love him, at last?"

Lower drooped the girl's bright head, but no answer came.

"I do not wish to intrude into your most sacred feelings, Ethel, but it seemed to me the time had come for me to mention my boy's case again. But when you do not answer, am I to infer you don't care for him—don't love him?"

Ethel's dusky eyes gleamed suddenly at Mrs. Argelyne, then down again.

"Did—did you infer—that? I—didn't mean—"

She hesitated bewitchingly, and Mrs. Argelyne smiled in delighted satisfaction.

"I knew it—I knew it! Say it in plain words to me, Ethel. Say 'I do love Leslie.'"

But Ethel was laughingly refractory. She stubbornly refused to repeat the words.

"Say them to Leslie, then, when he asks you again, as I heard him say he would very soon. Now, dear child, may I name the day for the wedding?"

At that all the sunshine died out of the girl's blossomy face. She laid "Katrina" down in her lap, and clasped her hands on the dark brown and gold cover.

"I dare not marry him, Mrs. Argelyne. You will counsel me not to when I have told you my scruples."

Mrs. Argelyne made a little impatient gesture.

"Another mountain to climb! Tell me your objections, child, and if I am sure you love him I will reduce the most appalling peaks to molehills."

But, somehow, with Ethel's earnest eyes on her, she realized that the girl meant decidedly what she said. She listened intently.

"You know I refused him once before I married Frank? I know you do know it, and that the reason was I—I thought I loved Frank better. Do you not think it would be very wrong in me to bestow on him a heart with all the bloom and freshness brushed off; that remains, so to speak, of an earlier regard?"

A perfectly triumphant smile fairly illuminated Mrs. Argelyne's face.

"How easily I can make void such a ridiculously filmy objection! Why, child, your idea is romantic in the extreme, and as foolish as unnatural. The very fact of Leslie's having begged the second time, for the love you denied him first, goes to prove he thinks you more desirable than ever. And as to wasted bloom and the waning freshness—darling, I don't think you have the remotest idea of how lovely you are."

Her genuine flattery was sweet to the girl, who sat there earnest, eager, half-converted already from her conscientious scruples.

"What else?" demanded Mrs. Argelyne, briskly. "Tell me frankly, for I feel sure I can prove your objections to be as filmy as air."

Ethel smiled gravely.

"Not this one, Mrs. Argelyne; nothing can alter the fact that I am not the social equal of Leslie Verne, a descendant of one of the proudest families in England. I have never told you, or any one living, that I do not know my parentage; that I may be the child of some degraded, despised people. Certainly I am allied to poverty and—and, perhaps—disgrace."

Her cheeks burned as she said that last word.

Then she told her story, so far as she knew, as she had learned it from the Lawrences.

There was a mysterious twinkle in Mrs. Argelyne's eyes when Ethel had finished—very suspicious of unshed tears.

"My little girl! As if Leslie would care for a word of what you have said. As if all the mystery of your young life could even reconcile to us the fact that you are the child of low-born, low-bred parents! You are a lady's much by birth and instincts as by education, whether you come from the ranks of what we call aristocracy or not. A woman with gentle, gracious ways, refined instincts, reserved, womanly modesty, high-bred, high-principled tendencies, as you have, Ethel, is a true lady—one of Nature's own aristocrats."

The grateful tears sprang to Ethel's eyes, and she pressed the white, motherly hand extended in mute sympathy.

"Cast your ultra-conscientiousness to the winds, only tell me first why you dared marry Mr. Havelstock in the face of all these terrible things?"

She spoke with loving sarcasm, and Ethel flushed redly, but answered bravely:

"Because, I think, such things never troubled me then; and, somehow, I think Leslie is deserving of more consideration than any man I ever saw. He is so good, so patient! he is just the best, kindest, dear—"

Mrs. Argelyne's quiet, happy smile, shrewd yet encouraging, caused her to pause suddenly in a perfect glow of blushes.

"Tell Leslie what you have told me. And as a special favor to me I want you to entrust that little gold button to me, will you?"

Without a word Ethel removed it from her watch-chain and gave it to her.

Mrs. Argelyne transferred it to her arm, where it hung like a golden globe.

"It shall be the object of my life, next to seeing you married to my boy, to discover your parents. With this little talisman, I shall begin to-day; and God send I may end by leading you to your mother's arms; a mother, I know, must have been worthy to have given such a daughter to the world."

She kissed the girl tenderly, almost solemnly, then whispered:

"Stay here. I am going to send you the happiest man in all the wide world."

And in a strangely quiet trance of bliss and content, Ethel sat down on the hassock by the grate fire, to wait for her lover to come and take the reward for his patience.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 298.)

Bad Weather Costumes.

WHAT is termed "false pride" is too often a decided evidence of ignorance. This sort of stupidity has an immense circulation, and is very popular among the fair daughters of Eve. There are ladies who can lay claim to considerable culture, and yet have not the moral courage to array themselves in appropriate clothing when the weather is bad, and all because such garments will give them a heavy and ungraceful appearance. Alas for the rarity of common sense! What individual, in the possession of all their faculties, expects to see Hogarth's line of beauty marching through a mud-puddle? When Jupiter Pluvius has upset his bucket and generously sprinkled terra firma, what sane person will parade the streets arrayed in all the glory of Parisian elegance? And yet all this has existed, and will doubtless continue to flourish so long as self-adornment is so popular, and the desire to attract attention, at the cost of injuring health, is so prevalent.

What clearer evidence of a weak mind is wanted than the sight of a woman decked out in *demi monde* finery on a rainy day? All her bright-tinted garments, all the sunshine of her toilet, is overshadowed by the inclemency of the weather, and the poor *parvenu* excites the pity of the charitable heart. Just such subjects of what is generally called "false pride" figure largely in this city. All this "vanity and vexation of spirit" is not confined to the daughters of Eve; the sons of Adam are also afflicted with this same complaint, but not so severely as their unfortunate sisters. For example, one of our fashionable club exquisites complained the other day of suffering with cold hands; some one present remarked, "Why don't you wear fleece-lined gloves?" "Oh, dear!" exclaimed the fop, with a look of horror, "those sort of gloves make the hand appear so monstrous large."

Poor, brainless man, preferred to suffer with cold hands than to see them incased in a comfortable, warm glove, because the style was not exactly *a la mode*.

A fashionable lady, who was very proud of her slender waist, declared she could not wear flannel undergarments, and when compelled to state the reason why, she replied, "They make me look so dreadfully stout." This female individual is a fit subject for the imbecile asylum; doubtless she is on the broad road to consumption.

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Sunshine Papers.

What Say You?

SHADES of Minerva! If you could have seen what I saw to-day! A young woman in a street, fondling and passing a dog! What would that comely sensible daughter of Jupiter above-mentioned have said to my *vis-a-vis*? Nothing, I imagine, but transfixed her with a thunderbolt. A fate by which the world at large would not have lost much, though, to be sure, it might have been rather startling to the other inmates of the car. She came in with such an air! Not Minerva! oh, dear, no! I did not mean her; she has fallen into disrepute in these latter days; but the modern goddess—for she evidently considered herself such. But, if I were a man, she would never be my goddess. No, never! With whatever guileless youth has the misfortune to fall in love with her it will be a clear case of "love me, love my dog;" and I should seriously object to a puppy being the medium of interchange of spiritual affinity and devoted love between me and the fair one upon whom I desired to lavish my tender passion. But I am not a man, fortunately or unfortunately, and this is a dreadful digression.

Yet, as I noted the engrossed attention and fond caresses the lady bestowed upon her soulless, insignificant pet, the idea would recur to my mind—regarding the poor man who may some time blunder into making her his wife—will it not be a case of Locksley Hall reversed? Will she not hold him,

"When her passion shall have spent its novel force,
Something dearer than her dog, a little better than a horse?"

But then it does not matter. If a man will be so silly as to marry a woman who fondles and kisses a puppy in a street-car, he should not expect her to be capable of very elevated passion.

Such a woman as she was to have nothing higher than the caresses of a little black-and-tan terrier to find lovable and interesting. If she had been a queen of the demi-monde, promenading Broadway to expose her costly toilet and displaying her King Charles spaniel, as she would a diamond cross, because of its value, she would have been less noticeable and censurable. No higher passion can be expected of such women than pampering affection for a dog. Or, if she had been some worldly-wise and soulless dame of fashion, reclining in her carriage, and waiting on the poodle in her lap an amount of attention that would utterly fatigue her if expended upon a suffering mortal, and giving it the mite of affection she never could have spared to an offspring, we might have heeded her only with passing pity and contempt. But for a pretty, stylish, ordinarily intelligent-looking young lady to be making such a public exhibition of her want of common sense was simply disgusting. It was provocative of an uncommon nervousness, that could best have exhausted itself in boxing her ears. It made one ponder whether she could be a savage and believe that, admitted to the sky, "Her faithful dog shall bear her company." And it brought to mind the counsels of that reproving old poet whose words used to be quoted so severely at us in our youthful days and naughty moods: "Let dogs delight," etc., but

"Your little hands were never made
To tear each other's eyes."

Did *ma belle* opposite talk just as sweetly to father and mother, within the precincts of home, as to her dog in the presence of her horse-car audience? Did she pet any little brother or sister, Sunday-school pupil or charity waif, as tenderly as she petted his animated small dogship? Did she ever give an extra hug and caress to some baby form when its tiny hands pulled at her veil and disarranged her hair, as to this senseless animal when he committed the same offences in his leap to kiss her lips? Or did she deal the wee hands an impatient blow instead? Did she ever carry a dinner to some famishing child and watch it partake of the nourishment with loving eyes and pitiful heart, as she carries a French roll to feed daintily to this pet? Or would she draw her handsome suit about her in indifference and aversion if some tiny beggar prayed for the crumbs the dog is wasting over the car-floor? Is this pretty amiableness mere show, or a normal state of impossibility? Can those little hands be rough and that smooth voice unkind? Does the terrier know more of her gentleness than any other being?

Unjust? Well, perhaps so. But if you should ever see a pretty, lady-like girl, dressed stylishly and in excellent taste, wearing glasses, and hugging a dog done up in a waterproof blanket, with rose ribbons tied around his neck, in a street-car, feeding him and kiss-

ing him, very likely you would have a similarly unpleasant sensation in the region of your digestive organs, and experience the same tendency to irritability of the mental faculties!

"Let Hercules himself do what he may,
The cat will mew, and dog will have his day."

But, for the honor of our sex, let us hope *ma belle's* dog will soon have his day; and she, too, unless she quickly succeeds in finding some higher object of devotion. Not that I blame the tiny animal because of its mistress's supreme folly; only for her advancement to interest in more elevated matters I launch my cruel desire toward a cessation of his existence; at present, of the two,

"I had rather be the dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a 'b'—woman."

A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

SUNSHINY DISPOSITIONS.

WHAT we mostly need in this world of so many varied fortunes and such sudden changes and reverses, is sunshine, not so much in the heavens as in our dispositions. If we were to carry more sunshine about us we would not fear our troubles and ills one-half as much as we do. It doesn't strike me it is the right way to grumble at what can't be helped. That is not my style, and I don't want it to be your style, either, my good brother and sister.

I have seen so many persons who have had afflictions, who, if they could not overcome them, would at least do all in their power to bear them cheerfully and in a spirit that must demand commendation. I am well acquainted with a man who lost his arm, and his right arm, too, who did not give up because he was deprived of one of the most useful members of the body. He didn't grumble and snarl and make faces at fate, or growl at fortune. He was too much of a man to act so foolishly.

He did what was much better. He went to work and tried to get a living with all his might with his left arm, and he has done so. By his own exertions he has succeeded finely. Among the specimens of his work, solely by his left hand, is a magnificent trunk—no child's toy, but a firm, solid and substantial trunk, that the champion baggage-smasher would flee in terror from. The trunk is really worth fifty dollars. Think of that, you sunless creatures who are blessed with the use of all your faculties, and yet despond because you don't succeed. Are you going to let a one-armed man eclipse you in usefulness? I wouldn't. I'd be ashamed to do so. It isn't right, and I'm sure it doesn't look well for a man with one arm carving his way through life, while we two-armed folks will not make use of those blessings bestowed upon us.

You must have a sunny disposition, and then circumstances will not seem so hard to you. You've no idea how much cheerfulness mitigates sorrows and sends care on a balloon voyage. There was a young man, once on a time, connected with a traveling dramatic company, whose acting was so bad that the star of the evening remarked: "Mr. —, if I were in the middle of Africa, and desired some one to support me, and could only have you, I should not have you."

It was not a very gentlemanly speech for the "star" to make, and what he could expect to make by acting in the "wilder of Africa" I cannot say. It would have discouraged many, but not the young actor. He had "true grit;" he met with many rebuffs and crosses, but he was bound to succeed and he *did* succeed, and is now quite a prominent star. That is one result of having a sunny disposition and a firm determination to succeed.

The world loses many a bright ornament because such a number are more apt to sink than swim. Success is pretty certain to crown perseverance, and failure follows in the footsteps of idleness. Persevering people are sunny people, and their pleasant, cheerful countenances are enough to stimulate others to try. How much brighter the world is made by their presence, and how much joy they carry to others!

The slaves at the South used to sing at their work, and it is said, they thought it made their burdens lighter. I know those who sing or whistle at their work make the time seem shorter and their troubles less hard to bear. There's a great deal of sunshine in a singer, but I don't want those who sing of nothing but graveyard chants near my garden gate, because I'm afraid the birds will think night is coming on and retire to their nests.

If you want your children to grow into true men and women, place them in the sunshine, and put the sunshine into their hearts. Let them see how much more one is respected and beloved, and how much more success they meet with by being pleasant, cheerful, persevering and sunny, than in being miserable, idle and melancholy misanthropes. Give them *sunshine* at home, and they'll seek it elsewhere until the time comes when they will see the fair damsel who will appear to them *all* sunshine; then, I suppose, you must let them go! As Aunt Mchitable says: "Tis human nature," and doubtless it is.

EVE LAWLESS.

THE YOUNG NOT ALWAYS THE LOVELIEST.

HISTORY is full of accounts of the fascinations of women who were no longer young. Thus, Helen of Troy was over forty when she perpetrated the most famous elopement on record, and she could not have been very juvenile when the ill-fortune of Paris restored her to her husband, who is reported to have received her with unquestioning love and gratitude. Pericles wedded the courtesan Aspasia when she was thirty-six, and yet she afterward, for thirty years or more, wielded an undiminished reputation for beauty.

Cleopatra was past thirty when Antony fell under the spell, which never lessened until her death, nearly ten years after; and Livia was thirty-three when she won the heart of Augustus, over whom she maintained an ascendancy to the last. Turning to modern history, where it is possible to verify dates more accurately, we have the extraordinary Diana de Poitiers, who was thirty-six when Henry II.—then Duke of Orleans, and just half her age—became attached to her; and she was held as the first lady and most beautiful woman at court, up to the period of the monarch's death, and of the accession to power of Catharine de Medici. Anne of Austria was thirty-eight when she was described as the handsomest woman of Europe, and when Buckingham and Richelieu were her jealous admirers.

Ninon de L'Enclos, the most celebrated wit and beauty of her day, was the idol of three generations of the golden youth of France, and she was seventy-two when Abbe de Bernis fell in love with her. True it is that in the case of this lady a rare combination of culture, talent and personal attraction endowed their possessor seemingly with the gifts of eternal youth. Bianca Capello was thirty-eight when the Grand Duke Francesco, of Florence, fell captive to her charms and made her his wife,

though he was five years her junior. Louis XIV. wedded Mme. de Maintenon when she was forty-three years of age. Catharine II. of Russia was thirty-three when she seized the Empire of Russia and captivated the gallant young General Orloff.

Up to the time of her death, at sixty-seven, she seems to have retained the same bewitching power, for the lamentations were heartfelt among all those who had ever known her personally. Mme. Mars, the celebrated French tragedienne, only attained the zenith of her beauty and power at forty-five. At that period the loveliness of her hands and arms especially were celebrated throughout Europe. The famous Mme. Racanier was thirty-eight when Barras was ousted from power, and she was, without dispute, declared to be the most beautiful woman in Europe, which rank she held for fifteen years.

Although the list might be still further extended, our readers—those interested especially—will see from it that woman need not lose her attractions though youth be gone; and above all, if her mind is cultured, her talents real, and her heart kindly, she will retain a power of never-failing fascination.

Foolsap Papers.

Your Right Hand Neighbor.

THE subject of this chapter is your Right-Hand Neighbor, and you will all thank me for bringing him up.

I do not mean to insinuate that you are neighbors to anybody; not at all. I mean all the ways the man who lives next door to you. We, of course, don't live next door to anybody; this must be distinctly understood before we begin. I don't want to tramp on anybody's toes but your neighbors', and his, of course, I have a right to.

In looking at your neighbor, as you do out of your window, of course it is necessary to see him a little awry, because the panes of glass on that side of the house are a little wavy, and we have a perfect right to judge him as he looks to us.

He is not exactly the kind of a man you would wish him to be, by a good deal or more. It would be a splendid thing if he was a man a little more after your own order, and not so touchy as his own.

Of course you are not expected to be on the most intimate terms with your neighbor; nobody would ever ask you to do any such thing as that. He is not precisely the kind of a man with whom you would desire to make friends. I wouldn't ask you to do it. You couldn't be expected to, where the disparity is so great between you.

Take him all around, one way and another, longways and shortways, your neighbor is rather inclined to be a mean kind of a man. You can see that fact every day as you look at him through your window, and you make it a study to observe him.

In fact there is nothing half so satisfactory or exhilarating as to study your neighbor. He is a man of course who thinks he hasn't one single fault to put in his pocket, but we know better. You bet we do!

We, of a certainty, know that he looks at us some kind of a superior being; but he doesn't know he is looked at.

You know how much more profitable it is to sit and pick out his faults with a *knitting-needle*, as it were, than attend to your own immediate affairs. Vastly better. Anybody can tell you that on short notice. We know it.

Your neighbor's family of course are not on the most intimate terms with yours. Such a thing would be perfectly astounding. You know well enough that they try to put on the airs of the upper set, and utterly fail. You can't tolerate anything of the kind. We wouldn't expect you to, for a minute.

They might pile on all the silks which you certainly do not envy, and still the effort to be somebody would appear on the outside. This is as sure and as obvious as soot on your nose.

He may have a little more money than you have, but you would scorn to care for him or respect him any more on that account. You have the blessed privilege of knowing that money doesn't make a man, or truly exalt his family. You can slap yourself on the back and congratulate yourself on that.

His house is a little better-looking than yours, and you are well assured that it is necessary for him to put more on the outside for looks sake than you are obliged to. You feel no more amiable toward him on that account, and I don't blame you.

Your neighbor has a good deal of what is called nice company at his house, but you know well enough just what arts are used, and how he breaks his neck to obtain it. You don't care for any more than your select few. His company doesn't happen to know just as much about him as you do, seeing him through that window of yours every day.

He tries to appear contented and happy, but you know well enough that it is taking the very life out of him to put all that deception on. This is plain through the window as it can be.

They can put on all the fine airs they have a mind to, but it doesn't raise them an inch in our estimation, by several yards.

One thing you are assured of, and that is they are always talking of people who live close to them—I came near saying neighbors, but that wouldn't do. If they said you were high-strung and aristocratic, and other blubbery of that sort you could bear it, but you are certain they don't.

If there is anybody you morally hate it is the person who scandalizes you by underestimating you. They may overrate you as contemptuously as they please, and it is all right, and I wouldn't give one quarter of all I haven't got for the person who wouldn't feel just that way.

We are not their neighbors, you understand, and you will thank me for giving utterance to the sentiments of your own hearts; any substantial testimonials can be addressed to the undersigned.

If you would ever allow them any advantage over you in any manner you would be so mad at yourself that you would eat your own head off, or pick yourself up in both hands and throw yourself through the window even if that crooked pane was broken.

You speak to your neighbor if you happen to meet, but you know just as well as I do that you wish him to understand that you are the very soul of chivalrous civility. If he didn't untwist his neck to turn and speak to you, you know well enough you would drop him so quick that he would shoot into the ground up to his neck. Yes, he would.

Your neighbor is not really the kind of a man that he ought to be, and you know how sorry you are for it. It isn't your fault. You could give him a lesson full of moral and social teachings which would be of great benefit to him if he would try to profit by them, but you know well enough that he is not the kind of a

man who would listen to anything that would be for his benefit. That is the trouble with these neighbors. They will never take advice from other people which is for their own good.

Finally you conclude that all you can do won't avail; and you can give him up as a bad job, and take your satisfaction out in looking at him through the crooked pane, and in ticking yourself in the ribs, knowing that you have all the advantage over him, as the fish said to the worm on the hook.

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

Topics of the Time.

A most valuable MS. has been discovered in the Azores. It refers to the colonization, in the year 1500, of the northern part of America by emigrants from Oporto, Aveiro, and the island of Terceira. It was written by Francisco de Souza, in 1570. Barboza Machado states that it was lost during the great earthquake of Lisbon in 1755. This most important document is about to be published by an erudite Azorian gentleman and will throw great light on the disputed question of the early discovery of America.

Mrs. Cross, of Paw Paw, Michigan, thinking her husband was unduly attentive to his brother's wife, was thereby made jealous. One evening he left the house late, and she guessed he had gone to meet his sister-in-law. So Mrs. Cross followed stealthily and discovered, not a husband, but a murderer. She dogged him to a place where he was joined by two brothers, and thence kept him in sight while they took a drunken stranger toward a lake. Then she went home. The stranger was robbed and drowned, and her testimony is used in the trial of the three brothers.

A driver on a Sixth Avenue car in New York City watched for daily by a midge of a child, thin, clad, but clean, and the wet foot stands, rain or shine, at just such an hour, with a tin pail of supper for her father, who is always on the lookout. The baby makes its way through the street, leaving sometimes another, still smaller, on the sidewalk; the father stoops for his pail and instantly kisses the little face. It is a picture for a painter. The small figure in a big shawl, with a pail as long as herself, straining her tiny eyes for the far-off car, and when the right one approaches the gleeful leap from the curb into the mud, through which she plunges and gains a kiss from the tired, wet face she loves so well.

The butter and cheese men want a show at the Centennial, and are producing figures to show how important their interests are. If figures can do the business, the butter and cheese men will have a very prominent place in the Exhibition; and if they keep their wares for a long time about them, they will quickly find their neighbors disposed to give even more room than was first granted. This interest is one of great importance, and is rapidly growing. Every year the exports grow larger. At the present time we are sending away 10,000,000 pounds of butter and 100,000,000 pounds of cheese, at a value of \$25,500,000. That makes a very pretty item in our export trade. From 1880 to 1870 our dairy products increased from 568,000,000 to 676,000,000 pounds of butter and cheese. In 1870 the number of gallons of milk produced was placed at 235,000,000.

Mrs. Williams, of Detroit, being very ill, was prayed for by her pastor and immediately recovered. The minister announced the cure as a miracle, and preached a sermon about it. The attending physician publishes a card, saying: "The restoration of Mrs. Williams to comparative good health was not the result of prayer; it was the result of an exertion of will power. There are cases of traveling quacks effecting extraordinary cures simply by inspiring in patients the most implicit confidence of their ability to cure them. In Mrs. Williams' case the means of producing this confidence and will was simply religious exaltation." The fact of the cure is not disputed.

They stood together in the entry beneath the hall lamp. "Then, Henry," she said, in a low voice, wherein were blended determination, melancholy, and love, "you refuse my suit?" "Yes, Elizabeth," he replied, in accents that were firm, though the speaker's voice trembled. "I admire you; I will be a brother to you, and watch with pride your course through life, and if ever trouble should befall you, there will at least be one friend to whom you can come for succor; but I can never, never be your husband." "It is not because I am poor, Henry? For, oh, if that were all, I could toll gladly from morn till night, for you, and strive to win a home for you, humble it might be, but our own." "It is useless to attempt to induce me to change my determination. Though I am but a poor, weak creature, I can never change my mind. I am a man, and I will stand by my word. 'Then, cruel young man, so fair and yet so false, remain. To-morrow you will see my mangled remains on the lecture platform, and know that it has been your work. But it will be too late,' and clasping him to her bosom in wild embrace, she fled into the outer darkness.

The combined capital of the Rothschilds is stated to be \$3,400,000,000. The income from that pile is very great. When the first Rothschild made his first decisive step toward wealth John Jacob Astor was already a rich man. We suppose the late unlamented William B. Astor never gave away anything in order that his descendants might some day "eat" the Jew bankers and go them one better, but it's no use, William and Henry and John; be as tight and mean as you may with your eighty-five millions, you can't be Rothschilds.

A daughter of Lucius W. Pond, the Worcester forger, has been for several months employed in a restaurant in that city, where the table-waiters are women, voluntarily working on the debt of \$100 owed by her father to the proprietor of the restaurant. Although brought up to the use of the elegances and luxuries of life, this young lady shows a nice sense of honor, a modicum of which would have saved her father from a criminal's fate and his family from disgrace.

The war Chinaman cries is this: He first draws back the lips until the teeth are uncovered; then the mouth is extended, the corners lifting toward the eyes, which are partially closed; the face is puckered up with wrinkles, and the hands are placed on the sides; the whole body then shakes convulsively, the breath escaping in quick, convulsive snorts like, "Hee-hee-hee-hee." Very similar to Christian laughing.

The French Prince Imperial is said to be in bad health. His eyes are failing, and they are symptoms of the constitutional infirmity from which he suffered seven years ago. The ex-empress, his mother, is now short of all that beauty which once made her the most beautiful woman in Paris. She is sharp-featured, wrinkled, and her hair is well streaked with gray, which she does not try to disguise. She is a far-seeing, resolute, and still ambitious woman, but if her son becomes decrepit all hopes of a restoration of the Napoleonic dynasty must perish forever. It would be a blessed thing for France if all the Bourbonists, Orleanists, and Napoleonic candidates for the throne were knocked in the head.

BUFFALO BILL'S NEW STORY!

We have in hand, for use in due season,

KANSAS KING;

OR,

The Red Right Hand.

BY HON. WM. F. CODY ("BUFFALO BILL.")

AUTHOR OF "DEADLY-EOF."

Something to create remark—a veritable "leaf from life," and told in a style of great narrative power by the noted scout.

Readers and Contributors.

TO CORRESPONDENTS AND AUTHORS.—No MSS. received that are not fully prepared for postage.—No MSS. preserved for future orders.—Unpublishable MSS. promptly returned when postage is received. The income, for such return.—No correspondence of any nature is permissible in a package marked as "Book MS."—MSS. which are imperfect are not used or wanted. In all cases our choice rests first upon merit or fitness; second, upon excellence of MS. as "copy"; third, length. Of the MSS. of equal merit we always prefer the shorter.—Never write on both sides of a sheet. Use Commercial Note size paper as most convenient to editor and compiler, tearing off each page as it is written, and carefully giving it its folio or page number.—A rejection by no means implies a want of merit. Many MSS. unavailable to us are well worthy of use.—All experienced and popular writers will find us ever ready to give their offerings early attention.—Contributors must look to the columns for all information in regard to contributions. We can not write letters except in special cases.

We must decline "War;" "A Centennial Poem;" "Memories;" "The Unexpected Fortune;" "The Centennial Year;" "My Big Brother;" "When Rover Came;" "The Great Baseball Game, etc.;" "Master and Slave;" "The Year of Doom;" "The Lonely Grave."

Accepted: "True and False;" "At the Lake-side;" "A Child's Quest;" "Baby's Question;" "The Mistle-colored Salamander;" "Pious on Her Mind;" "The Swandike Plank-road;" "When Stars are Hid."

TIDY. See answer to Albert E. H. There is no law to prohibit such marriages.

ELERY N. Of course we are happy to use good poems. Let us see what you can do.

GEO. W. C. J. Dialogues are sent. Can't possibly use poem. It is much too crude for publication.

TRUSVILLE. Any dealer in birds will supply a parrot or mocking-bird. There are at least a dozen such dealers in New York.

GEORGE W. J. Your nervous affection of course is due to your falling. Give that immediate attention. A good physician is your best friend.

How Is It? Send to Munn & Co., New York, for their "Hand-book." It explains everything in connection with the process and cost of obtaining a patent. Your *idea* is a capital one.

MISS LOTTIE A. The writer of children's books, A. L. O. E., is an English lady—a Miss Tucker, a grand-niece of Boswell, the biographer of Dr. Johnson. She has now gone to India as a missionary, where so many noble and self-sacrificing women have labored.

C. F. Attleboro. The inscription on the Liberty Bell is "Proclaim liberty throughout the land unto all the inhabitants thereof." The bell has been cracked for a long time, and can only be repaired by sawing through the whole length of the crack.

ASOT, Saratoga. You are probably right in inferring from the first half of the letter that the last half avowed the purpose indicated. The inference from the natural one. "Pat yourself in her place," would you not have written and felt and envied the same?

EVANGELINE. If the young lady still desires the pleasure denied on New Year's eve, she must try, try again. Seeing that it is leap year, why not? Help her, of course, all you can.—You write very pretty hand.—The Albany night-boats commence running in April, and will be ready to start so as to arrive and be delivered on the 14th, but within the valentine week will do.

A FRIEND writes to ask us to describe the character of our countrymen. Let us describe it for it. Let somebody else answer for us, for instance this notice (from the *Troy Free Press*) out of many constant being made of the SATURDAY JOURNAL: "The paper always maintains a high and dignified tone, and besides fiction, contains a great variety of useful reading matter. No person need feel any lack of amusement in her place." Try it once and you would feel lost without it.

MISS ELLEN A. R. We find, upon inquiry of one of our leading *modistes* about spring styles, that waists are to be lengthened to one-half of the entire figure, and all styles are adopted that take away stumpiness and breadth. But few dresses are now made with waists and without puffs of any kind is the fashion of the day.

J. M. B. China has immense bells as well as iron bells. In Pekin, it is said, there are seven bells, each weighing 13,000 pounds. One in the suburbs of Peking is according to the estimate of many travelers, the largest suspended bell in the world. It is hung near the ground. In a large pavilion, and, as it rings, a huge beam is swung against its side.

LESLIE. It is so unusual for young gentlemen to refuse a young lady's wishes, there must be some reason for it. If you feel an interest in having the parties meet, get them together, then retire, and thus make it necessary for the gentleman to do as he would not do in the presence of a third party. See answer for second query, in what is said to "Evangeline." Can't answer third without knowing the result of the suggestion above made.

LENN L. W. says: "Can you give me any insight into hand-drawing? What the different ways of taking a lady's hand signifies?" No; we are not versed in that sort of thing; if we were we should decline to give instructions regarding what no sensible girl would encourage or practice.

EMILY MAUD REVERE writes: "Is it proper for a young lady to invite a gentleman to call again after his spending an evening in her company; or should she ask permission to call again? After a gentleman escorts a lady from an evening amusement, how should she express her thanks? What do you think of my writing, orthography and grammar?" If a gentleman has asked you to spend a pleasant evening with him, and he has extended to him an invitation to visit her, he accepts that permission or invitation as plain as day. A gentleman who terms toward her, unless the invitation related to some particular business or social occasion, when he might, quite properly, ask permission to pay his respects to her, or to call again, is a gentleman. A man invites a lady to accompany him to a place of amusement, she confers the honor, and she thanks him for any were more than she could do. When a lady requests a gentleman to act as her escort, or he shows her that attention under circumstances demanding some grateful acknowledgment from her, she should say, "Thank you very much, for your kind and generous offer." Very gently, and with some set phrase. Your orthography is good, but your grammar admits of some correction, and you might happily study the art of composition. You would do well also to get a set of good copy-books and practice writing a larger and plainer hand.

M. H., Philadelphia, asks: "Is it proper to give a gentleman a piece of candy when he asks for it? Is it proper to loan a young man a ring when he loans his to the lady first? What would be nice to give a young man for a present, only a friend? How is my writing?" Under the circumstances, the gift of a look of hair from a lady to any gentleman other than a lover, would be foolish, and in most cases improper. If a lover makes such a request, there could be no harm in granting it. A gentleman's gifts from a lady to her lover, or relative, are sometimes fashioned under a jeweler's hands, of hair-watches, chains, gloves, etc., and are sometimes charms.—There is no impropriety in a young lady and gentleman exchanging rings; of course, no significance attaches to rings thus worn.—The choice of a present for a gentleman is a matter of taste, and from an almost endless variety of articles; but as most gentlemen value a gift doubly that is fashioned for them by the deft fingers of the lady donor, it is not surprising that they are so often given. We will mention what you might make: a set of scarf or wristlets, embroidered foot-rest, towel-rack, slippers, traveling-straps, bag, smoking-case, shaving-case, mouthpiece, glove-rack, collar-box, etc.—Your writing is fair; but your orthography is very faulty.

WILL MARKE, Quebec, writes: "Would you write out for me a polite form of invitation to a gentleman to use when he desires to ask a lady to go with him to a place of amusement?"

THE PHANTOM FIELD.

BY O. J. VICTOR.

The snow lies deep upon the ground;
All icy is the air;
The trees a winding-sheet have found
By the wild wind's care;

The beast stands trembling in his shed;
The sheep within its fold;
Without, all life is stiff and dead—
Within, all chill and cold.

Is it the night when spirits pass
All through the old kirk-yard?
Is it the night when solemn mass
Above its graves are heard?

The kirk-yard sleeps a quiet sleep;
The wind alone is there;
The ghostly stones their long watch keep,
And whisper to the air.

Is it the night when specter men
Are loosened from the dead,
And stalk around the Phantom plain
Until the night is fled?

Oh, keen the wind and cold the air
Above the Phantom field;
Yet ghostly forms are stalking there
Armed with a sword and shield.

And gathering slow in serried rank
They turn toward the west;
Their empty coffins guard each flank—
Ten thousand stand abreast!

In battle rank, with noiseless tread,
They hurry to the light,
Where stand ten thousand other dead
Unconcerned for the fight.

Oh, keen the wind and cold the air
Around the Phantom light,
Yet specter men are battling there
In fierce, exultant fight.

And shields are rent and swords are bent,
And limbs bestrew the ground,
Yet skeletons, with strength unspent,
Stride where a shield is found.

And skulls are elied on right and left
Till shines the moon o'erhead—
Till twice ten thousand coffins stand
Alone, flanking the dead.

Oh, keen the wind and cold the air
That sweeps above the plain,
Yet must the empty coffins bear
The skeletons again.

Over the silent field they haste
To gather limb and bone;
Though skulls and limbs are wide displaced,
Each coffin knows its own.

Soon every limb is gathered in;
Soon every lid is fast;
And, falling into rank again,
They turn toward the east.

And marching o'er the frozen plain
With swift and noiseless tread,
They pause beside the graves again,
Made for the Evil Dead.

Two Death's heads stand above each mound;
(A fearful watch they keep)
The coffins sink into the ground
Another year to sleep.

But when another year is fled—
When comes St. Stephen's night,
The Death's heads shall unclose their dead
Unconcerned for the fight.

And when five hundred years have passed,
The penance shall be done;
The skeletons shall sleep at last,
And moulder, limb and bone.

The Men of '76.

Greene.

THE RHODE ISLAND BLACKSMITH.

BY DR. LOUIS LEGRAND.

In Nathaniel Greene American youth have one of the best examples of the self-made man which this country has produced. Such men confront us everywhere in commerce, politics, divinity, law, medicine, many of whose leaders and most eminent devotees sprang from very ungenial circumstances. It is one of the blessed results of our institutions and laws that here the humblest born may freely aspire to the highest places, and it is one of the peculiar features of our social civilization that here no law of caste or assumption of family heritage has any power over the rising man.

The War of Independence called to the front the true men of might. What were family assumption and hereditary rights then? The struggle gave the best men the responsible places, and such as "Old Put," Ethan Allen, Nathaniel Greene, Dan Morgan, Mad Anthony Wayne, John Stark, Marion, Sumter, Benjamin Lincoln, Moultrie, quickly emerged from obscurity and common-place circumstances to become leaders.

Greene was born in Rhode Island, May 27th, 1742. A Quaker preacher was his father—one of the rigid sort, who flogged his children severely for singing, dancing, or any levity, "unseemly and unrighteous." He was as poor as he was bigoted, so that Nathaniel (the second son of a second brood of children) was early in life put at the blacksmith's forge for a livelihood, where, as his body developed into fine proportions, his gay and happy disposition also grew—necessitating many a reprimand from the stern father and occasionally a severe flogging—for dance and "go on a lark" the boy would.

But this was not all. Study and learn he would. His mind was as eager for food as his animal spirits were eager for sport; so, with surprising rapidity, he mastered book after book, and when "of age," so as to be free of his father's severe surveillance, "Nat Greene" became a leader among the young men in manly sports, in frolics, and in shop and public discussion. As the events of 1774-5 approached, the stalwart blacksmith's shop became the rallying place of patriots, and he the undaunted spokesman who dared to talk "treason" in the very face of the "King's Own." And, as the crisis approached Nat Greene's ardor and patriotism, like the iron in his apprentice's forge, under his powerful muscles, glowed and scorched to the finally flash out at a white heat when the news of Concord and Lexington came.

Greene was elected to the Rhode Island Assembly in 1770; and, as the coming struggle cast its shadow before, he fully realized the trial at hand. To prepare for it he studied up military authorities and history; he practiced discipline and tactics with his militiamen, and with such success that when the tocsin was sounded at Concord and Lexington, Rhode Island at once responded by a brigade of sixteen hundred men, under Major-General Nathaniel Greene. The Providence blacksmith had forever extinguished the forge fire, closed the shop door, and given himself up to the cause of liberty.

At Bunker Hill the militia general met Washington. The two men formed a strong friendship, for the commander-in-chief's quick eye saw in the sturdy frame, clear head, and warm heart of the Rhode Island blacksmith the good soldier, the trusty leader, and the safe adviser.

The organization of the "Continental Army" reduced Greene to the grade of brigadier-general, a change he cheerfully accepted. None of all the commanders were more zealous than he in putting that army in fighting condition. Slowly and amid almost countless discouragements the Continental army took

shape, and Greene, among New England men, stood next to Washington in the confidence of the people.

When the British evacuated Boston to make New York their prize, the American army gathered at and around New York city. Greene was given the chief command on Long Island. How he worked to fortify, to obstruct the British approach—to equip and prepare his troops, is a matter of history; but exposure and over-exertion brought on a fever, so that when the British came (August 22d, 1776), he was in bed, and General Sullivan held the forces, whose line stretched from the East River, at Wallabout bay, to the creek and marsh at Governor's Cove (Gowanus), on the west. It was a splendid line of defense but far too weakly manned to withstand the stronger enemy. The bloody battle of Long Island (Aug. 27th), followed, and to the dismay of the country Long Island was lost and with it New York city. Slowly Washington retreated to Harlem (White Plains), and Greene, once again in the saddle, fought fiercely for the vantage there (Oct. 25th, 1776).

Pressed little by little from his positions around New York, Washington now sought to keep open his line of retreat toward Philadelphia. Greene was given command on Bergen Heights, and strove to hold Fort Lee, but had to retire after the fall of Fort Washington (Nov. 16th). Cornwallis strove to cut off the American retreat by getting in his rear at Hackensack, but Greene was too alert. Washington in person held the enemy in check at Hackensack while Greene by a detour brought off the Fort Lee garrison (Nov. 18th), and the whole American army concentrated at Newark.

Then ensued the memorable retreat through New Jersey. Hotly pressed the American army crossed the Delaware (Nov. 28th)—the British appearing on the banks to behold the dispirited foe safely over in Pennsylvania.

In the brilliant dash upon the British, by recrossing the Delaware on the night of Dec. 26th, Greene and Sullivan commanded the two divisions, Trenton was retaken, with one thousand prisoners, and the English, to their great astonishment, found "the Yankees" again quartered in New Jersey. Cornwallis, infuriated, moved up to Princeton (Jan. 1st, 1777), where Washington suddenly struck the enemy again (Jan. 3d), and the brilliant result greatly elated the whole nation. Greene's services were signal. He was Washington's very right arm throughout the whole affair.

The Continentals went into winter quarters at Morristown, and in the spring took up a stronger position at Middlebrook, preparatory to a severe summer campaign. Greene and Knox, by order of Washington, examined the passes in the Highlands along the Hudson. The enemy, demonstrating on Middlebrook, were repulsed, and driven to Staten Island, when it became evident that the British were moving in powerful force, by sea, upon Philadelphia.

In the maneuvers which ensued—in the hotly contested battle of Brandywine (Sept. 11th)—in the retreat to Philadelphia—Greene was ever on the field, and by his splendid conduct commanded universal praise. The British, under Howe, occupied Philadelphia, Sept. 26th, 1777—their main body at Germantown, while Washington's army lay encamped eleven miles away, at Schuylkill creek. Washington, to make one more stroke to save Philadelphia, attacked the British, and the severe battle of Germantown followed (Oct. 4th). Greene commanded the left wing. The fighting was fierce and at very close quarters, but a dense fog made several movements miscarry, and the Americans were forced to retreat. Greene here again showed his splendid generalship. For five miles the way was literally strewn with the enemy's dead.

The winter of 1777 was passed at Valley Forge—above Philadelphia—the saddest winter the country ever knew. Greene was Washington's most intimate friend, and well deserved the trust reposed in him. As quartermaster-general he brought order to the dreadfully disorganized department, and when spring at last came it found the army again in fighting trim.

In the pursuit of the retreating British (already recorded in the articles on Washington and Lafayette), Greene played a brilliant part—was, in fact, the man who saved the bloody field of Monmouth, after Lee's dreadful mistake.

Co-operating with the French fleet of D'Estaing, Sullivan and Greene were dispatched to Rhode Island to rescue Newport from the British. But the Frenchmen, after a severe fight with the shore batteries, put to sea at the critical moment, to engage a British fleet, leaving the Americans to fight alone against vastly superior forces. They could only retreat, and did so in a most masterly manner, after giving the enemy a very bloody repulse (August 29th, 1778).

Greene, as quartermaster-general, rendered great and meritorious service in the years 1778-79, but resigned the unpleasant office again to take field command in watching Clinton's movements around New York city. While Washington, at West Point, guarded the Hudson, Greene was at Springfield, New Jersey, where Knyphausen unsuccessfully assailed him (June 23, 1780) with a strong force. The British retired, after burning the village—their usual mode of conducting the war. Beaten on the field, they marked their movements by the flames of destroyed property. The Hessians were especially cruel and reckless, and raised a rancor in American breasts which is not yet entirely dead.

Greene now acted a prominent part in a painful event—presiding at the court-martial trial of Major Andre, and witnessing his execution (October 2d, 1780). Then West Point was assigned to the brave blacksmith's watchful care, but hardly had he entered upon that trust, ere he was called to command the army of the South, terribly defeated under Gates, at Camden, North Carolina (August 16th), and disorganized by that defeat. Greene reached Charlotte, North Carolina, December 2d, and with his usual calm courage, proceeded to re-organize and reform his ranks, to battle with the skillful and tireless Cornwallis, who had so successfully overrun the Carolinas, and then threatened Virginia.

Though in no condition to fight, action was necessary, and then followed a succession of conflicts, which makes the history of that winter an exciting record of trial, defeat, victory and maneuver. Cornwallis pressed Greene so severely that, though Tarleton, the British Dragoon, was destroyed at Cowpens, S. C., by the gallant Col. Morgan, the Americans were driven, with much loss, northward—Greene maneuvering to save his army, while Cornwallis was determined to destroy it utterly.

It was a contest of skill and endurance, and the Americans won! For Cornwallis found that he had penetrated the country too far; the American partisan leaders were around him everywhere, making hot work for his brigades. He therefore prepared to retreat, when there ensued a novel series of strokes and counter-

strokes, culminating in the splendid battle of Guilford Court House, N. C. (March 15th, 1781)—one of the most noted in the whole seven years' war. Cornwallis only saved the day by opening his artillery on his own lines! So closely were the foes mingled, he had to destroy his own troops to stay the American victory. Cornwallis hastened to retire, after the dreadful conflict, harassed by Greene's now jubilant forces.

But, Greene now made a master move by leaving Cornwallis, and pushing at once for South Carolina, then terribly afflicted by Lord Rawdon's troops. This surprise Rawdon at once confronted, and at the fierce combat at Holkirk's Hill (April 25th, 1781), came very near capturing the entire American force. But, like the battle of Guilford, it was a British disaster, before which Rawdon had to retreat. All around were the partisans at work. Marion, Lee, Laurens, Hampton, Sumter, were almost ubiquitous. Post after post fell into American hands, but the enemy, strong and tenacious, yielded so slowly that, when at length Greene fought the battle of Eutaw Springs (Sept. 8th), though the British retreated, it left him too weak to press the pursuit.

Cornwallis having been caught in his own trap at Yorktown, permitted the needed reinforcements to be sent to Greene. The British at once abandoned all their positions and retreated to Charleston, closely pursued by Greene and the partisan generals, who were eager to make a finishing stroke. But Charleston was too strong for American assault. All that could be done was to hem the enemy in and take his outposts, one by one. All winter long (1781-82) this semi-siege continued, with only immaterial results.

A scheme for betraying Greene to the British was discovered and frustrated, in the spring of 1782, but it served only to render the Americans more vigilant. By July the camp of the besiegers had approached to within sixteen miles of Charleston harbor. The British made frequent sallies for forage, but were usually severely punished, though many gallant men were cut down in these wild races—Col. Laurens, called the "Bayard of the American Army," being one of the victims.

The British finally evacuated Charleston in December, 1782, and Greene made a triumphal entry on the 14th of that month. With that occupation, the military career of this admirable officer and excellent man was ended.

The succeeding two years were made unhappy for the general by the default of an army contractor for whom he became bondsman, and for which kindness all his possessions were swept away. Tempted by the fond admiration expressed for him by the grateful Southern people, he retired to an estate on the Savannah river, where he fell a victim to a fever engendered by the "rice region" malaria, and died June 19th, 1786—in the very prime of a vigorous manhood.

The country mourned his decease, for, even at that day, when so many great reputations were fresh in the memory of a happy people, General Nathaniel Greene was regarded as next to Washington himself, the best general which the War of Independence produced. Good, brave, patient, sagacious and ready of resource, his character, since his death, has grown to proportions that only true greatness ever attains; and in the Valhalla of the Heroes of '76 he will remain, for all time, a central figure.

Erminie:

OR,

THE GIPSY QUEEN'S VOW.

BY MRS. MAY AGNES FLEMING,
AUTHOR OF "THE DARK SECRET," "AN AWFUL MYSTERY," "VICTORIA," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

LADY MAUDE.

As if to marble struck devoid of sense,
A moment motionless she stood."—THOMSON.

In an elegantly-furnished room, in a most elegant private mansion, a lady, still young and exceedingly beautiful, sat with her head leaning on her hand, her eyes fixed thoughtfully and somewhat sadly on the floor. A little paler the noble brow, and a little graver and sweeter the lovely face, and a little more passive and less proud the soft, dark eyes; but in all else Maude, Countess De Courcy, was unchanged. The rich, black hair, still fell in fleecy, silken ringlets round the sweet, moonlit face; the tender smile was as bright and beautiful, and the graceful form as superb and faultless as ever. There was a dreamy, far-off look in her dark, beautiful eyes, as she watched the setting sun—a look that seemed to say her thoughts were wandering in the far-off regions of the shadowy past.

The lady was not alone. Half-buried in the downy depths of a velvet-cushioned lounge reclined a proud, haughty, somewhat supercilious-looking young lady, most magnificently dressed. She was handsome, too—very handsome—despite her tossy, consequential air; but Lady Rita, only daughter and heiress of Lord De Courcy, might be pardoned for feeling herself somebody above the common. Her form was slight and girlish, but perfect in all its proportions, and displayed to the best advantage by her elegant robe; her complexion was dark as a Spaniard's, but the large, black eyes and shining black hair, of purplish luster, were magnificent. Diamond pendants flashed and glittered in her small ears, glaring through the shadowy masses of rich, jetty hair, whenever she moved, like sparks of fire. In one hand she held a richly-palaid fan, and with the other she languidly patted a beautiful little Blenheim spaniel that crunched at her feet and watched her with his soft, tender, brown eyes. "Mamma," said the young lady, looking up after a pause.

The countess gave a slight start, like one suddenly awakened from a reverie, drew a deep breath, and turned round.

"Well, my dear," she said.

"What was that papa and Mr. Leicester were saying this morning about smugglers, or outlaws, or some other sort of horrors that were near here?"

"Oh, Mr. Leicester was only telling your papa that there were some of these people hidden down in a country town, but a considerable distance from this. It seems they forcibly abducted a young lady not long since; quite a celebrated beauty, too, and most respectable."

"Dear me! what a dreadful place this must be, where such things are permitted," said the young lady, shrugging her shoulders; "you don't think there is any danger of their attacking us, mamma?"

"No, I think not," said Lady Maude, smiling; "you need not alarm yourself, my dear; those desperate people are a long way off, and are probably arrested before this. You need not alarm yourself in the least."

There was a tap at the door at this moment, and the next a servant entered to announce:

"Gentlemen down stairs wishing to see Lady De Courcy."

"Did they send up their names?" said the lady.

"No, my lady. One of them said he wanted to see you on most important business, but he did not send his name."

"On important business? Who can it be?" said Lady Maude, somewhat surprised. "Very well, I will be down directly."

Ten minutes after the drawing-room door opened, two gentlemen, both young, arose and returned her bow.

But why, after the first glance, does every trace of color fly from the face of Lady De Courcy? Why do her eyes dilate and dilate as they rest on the dark, handsome face of one of her visitors? Why does she reel as if struck a blow, and grasp a chair near for support. And why, standing there, and holding it tightly, does her eyes still remain riveted to his face, while her breath comes quick and hard?

Reader, she sees standing before her the living embodiment of her early girlhood—the whom she thinks buried far under the wild sea!

"Lady De Courcy, I believe," said the young gentleman, his own face somewhat agitated.

His voice, too!

Lady Maude, feeling as though she should faint, sunk into a chair, and forced herself to say:

"Yes, sir. And yours—"

She paused.

"Is Raymond Germaine?"

Germaine, too—his name! What feeling was it that set her heart beating so wildly as she gazed on that dark, handsome face, and manly form.

He seemed moved, too, but in a less degree than the lady.

There was no time to lose, and he began, hurriedly:

"Madam, excuse my seeming presumption, but may I beg to ask: Were you not married before—before you became the wife of the present Earl De Courcy?"

The room seemed swimming around her. Had she seen up his dead, that Reginald Germaine should thus stand before her! From her white, trembling lips, there dropped an almost inaudible

"Yes!"

"And you had a child—a son—by that marriage?" went on Ray, who felt circumlocution, under the present circumstances, would be useless.

Another trembling "Yes!" from the pallid lips.

"You were told he died?"

She bent her head, silent and speechless.

"Madam—Lady De Courcy—they deceived you. That child did not die!"

White and tottering, she arose and stood on her feet.

He did not die. Reginald Germaine told you so for his own end. That child lived!

Her lips parted, but no sound came forth; her eyes, wild now, were riveted to the face of the speaker.

"The child lived, grew up, was brought to America, and lives still."

"Oh, saints in heaven! What do I hear? My son—my child lives still! Heaven of heavens! You wear the face and form of Reginald Germaine—can it be that you—"

"Even so, madam, Countess De Courcy, I am his son and yours!"

Was it his bold, open face, or her mother's heart, that told Lady Maude he spoke the truth? With a mighty cry, she held out her arms, and the next moment he was clasped in a wild embrace.

The other young gentleman seemed suddenly to have found some very absorbing prospect out of the window that completely enchained his attention, and rendered the frequent use of his handkerchief necessary. He did not turn round for nearly fifteen minutes, and then the new-found mother and son were sitting together on the sofa, with their hands clasped, talking in a low tone, while her eyes never wandered from his face.

He was telling her the story of his father, of his escape, of his subsequent life, of their meeting, and of his confession and dying request.

Lady Maude's face, as she listened, grew so white and fixed and rigid that you might have thought it marble, save for the horror unspeakable, the terrible look burning in the great, black eyes. No word fell from her lips; her very heart seemed congealing, petrifying; she sat like one transformed to stone.

"And now, my dearest mother," said Ray, "I have another revelation to make to you—one that, I hope, will in some measure atone for the necessary pain the one I have just been making has caused you."

She did not speak; she sat as cold and white as marble.

"You had another child—a daughter?" he began, hesitatingly.

"I had; she is lost!" said Lady Maude, in a tone so altered that even Ray started.

"Did she die?" Ray asked, curiously.

"I do not know; she was stolen, I think."

"Yes; she was stolen. My grandmother, Ketura, whom I have told you of—she stole her, and brought her here at the same time she brought me."

There was a sort of gasp, and Lady Maude half-started to her feet.

"Oh, my God! Tell me—tell me—is she—is she—"

"She is alive and well, and knows all."

"Thank God—oh, thank God for this!" she cried, as she sunk down and hid her face in her hands.

There was a long silence. Then Lady Maude, starting to her feet, cried out, passionately:

"Where is she?—where is she? Take me to her! My precious Erminie! my long-lost darling! Oh, Raymond, take me to Erminie!"

"Will you go now? Ought not Lord De Courcy?" began Ray, hesitatingly, when she interrupted him with:

"Oh, yes, yes! He must hear all, and come with us, too. Excuse me one moment. I think he must have come."

She passed from the room, but oh, with a face so different from that she wore when entering! Then she had fancied herself childless, and now two had been given her, as if from the dead. And Reginald Germaine, too—he whom she thought lost at sea—was living yet, and she was to see him once more. She trembled so, as she thought of him, that she almost sunk down as she walked.

The two in the parlor saw a tall, distinguished-looking man pass in through the front-door, and the next moment a quick, decided footstep in the hall, and then a clear, pleasant voice, saying:

"Got back, you see, Maude. Why, what's the matter?"

Her reply was too low to be heard, but both passed up-stairs together.

"Lord De Courcy," said Ray, listening.

"I thought you said her ladyship knew you!" said Ray. "She did not seem to do so while here."

"All your fault," said Ray. "You didn't give her time to bless herself before you opened your broadside of knock-down facts; and after hearing all the astounding and unexpected things you had to tell her, of course it couldn't be expected she could think of a common, every-day mortal like me. Heigho! And so Erminie is a great lady now? I suppose I ought to be glad, Ray, but, if you'll believe it, upon my word and honor, I'm not. Of course, she'll have hundreds of suitors, now; and even if she loved me—which I don't suppose she did—that high and mighty seignior, her father, wouldn't let her have anything to do with a poor sailor. Ray, I tell you what, ever since I heard it I have been wishing, in the most diabolical manner, that it might turn out to be a false report. It may not sound friendly nor Christian-like to wish it, Ray, but I do wish it—I wish she had not a red cent in the world. I might have had some chance, then."

Ray, looking earnestly and thoughtfully at the flowers in the carpet, heard scarcely a word of this address. Ranty watched him for a short time, as if waiting for an answer; and then, leaning back in his chair, began whistling softly, as if keeping up an accompaniment to his thoughts.

The moments passed on. Half an hour elapsed, then an hour—an age it seemed to the impatient Ray. In his restlessness, he paced rapidly up and down, with knit brows, casting quick, restless glances at the door.

It opened at last, and Lady Maude, dressed as if for a journey, entered, leaning on her husband's arm. Both were very pale; and Lady Maude's eyes looked as if she had been weeping. But she was more composed and natural-looking than when she had left the room.

Ray stepped in his walk, and met the eyes of Lord De Courcy.

"Mr. Germaine," he said, holding out his hand, "for your mother's sake, you must look upon me as a father!"

Ray bent over the hand he extended with a look of deep gratitude, such as no words could express.

"Lady Maude has told me all," continued his lordship. "And at the request of the unhappy man whom you say is dying, we will start with you immediately."

As Ray bowed, Ranty arose, and the earl caught sight of him.

"Mr. Lawless," he exclaimed, in pleased surprise; "I did not expect to meet you here. My dear, you remember the gallant preserver of Rita's life?"

Ranty actually blushed at the epithet, coming as it did from the father of Erminie.

"Would you wish to see Lady Rita? She is up-stairs."

"Thank you, my lord. Some other time I will have that pleasure," answered Ranty.

"At present, we have no time to spare; every minute is precious."

Without further parley, the whole party left the house. A carriage and fast horses were in waiting; and a few moments after they were on their way.

During the journey, there was a chance to explain everything more fully than had yet been done, and Ray entered willingly into all particulars.

Lord and Lady De Courcy seemed never tired of asking questions concerning Erminie; and Ray expatiated on her goodness and beauty in a way to satisfy even the most exacting.

"Being so beautiful, of course she might have had many suitors!" said Lady Maude, somewhat anxiously.

"She might have had, my dear mother." She seemed so strongly attached to him already that it became quite natural to Ray to call her mother. "But she would listen to none of them."

"Thank Heaven for that!" said Lady Maude, drawing a deep breath of relief. "Then her affections are still her own?"

"On that point I am not informed. Perhaps," said Ray, glancing at Ranty with a wicked look in his dark eyes, "Mr. Lawless can throw a little light on the subject. He and Erminie are very confidential friends!"

Poor Ranty reddened to the very roots of his hair under the imputation, and the look that Lord and Lady De Courcy gave him.

"Never mind, my dear boy," said Lord De Courcy, kindly, as he saw his confusion. "Erminie herself shall tell us all about it when we see her."

The journey was a very sad and silent one, despite all. The thought of him who lay dying checked their joy at the approaching reunion; and the fear that he might be dead hung like a pall over the heart of Ray.

On arriving at Jeddstone, they procured a conveyance from Mr. Gudge, and started at a rapid pace for the Old Barrens Cottage.

It was nearly dark when they reached it, and all around was ominously silent and still. Ray's heart sunk as he pushed open the door and entered.

The first person he encountered was Pet Lawless, who uttered an exclamation of joy as she beheld him.

"Oh, Petronilla! is he alive yet?" he asked.

"Who? Reginald?"
 "Your—Lord De Courcy. Is he here?"
 "Yes. My dear old friend, I am sorry for this," said the earl, stepping forward. The dying rover held out his hand, and Lord De Courcy took it in his strong clasp.
 "I am glad you have come—I am glad you are her protector through life. Do you remember our last parting, Lord Ernest?"
 "That night! Yes."
 "Ah! that night—that night! What a different man I might have lived and died but for that dark, sorrowful night! What trouble and sorrow that night caused you, too! It turned my poor mother's brain, Lord Ernest; and—she stole your child!"
 "I know it."
 "Do you not want to see her!—have you seen her?"
 "Not yet. I will see her soon."
 "Were is my daughter, Raymond?" asked Lady Maude, looking wistfully round.
 "Upstairs with her grandmother, madam," said Pet, respectfully. "She does not know you are here; shall I go and tell her?"
 "Not just yet," said Lord De Courcy. "My dearest love, subdue your impatience for a few moments—remember, you are in the presence of the dying. You have waited for her all these years—you can afford to wait a few moments longer now."
 "How is my grandmother?" asked Ray, in a low tone, of Pet.
 "The same as you saw her last—in a sort of dull stupor all the time; neither sees, hears, nor feels, apparently. They brought her upstairs this morning, and Erminie has been with her since."

"How does Erminie bear the news of her new-found parents?"
 "Very quietly—with a sort of still, deep joy not to be expressed in words. She says she always knew that sweet, lovely lady with the soft, beautiful eyes was something to her, used to come to her in dreams, or something—oh, ah! it! And she's your mother, too, Ray! I declare, it's all the strangest and most romantic thing I ever heard of!"
 "We, too, have had our troubles," said the dying man, making a faint motion toward Marguerite. "Perhaps it was a just retribution of heaven for what you were made to suffer. We, too, lost a child; had she lived, even I might have been a different man to-day. She was lost, and all that was originally good in my nature went with her. My poor little Rita!"

"What did you say? Rita?" exclaimed Maude, as she and her husband gave a simultaneous start.
 "Yes. Marguerite was her name; Rita we always called her—why?" he asked, in surprise.
 "She was lost, did you say? How? did she die?" breathlessly demanded Lady Maude.
 "No; she was carried off, perhaps by gypsies—she was kidnapped."
 "How old was she at the time?"
 "About ten years old—why?" for the first time spoke the woman Marguerite, starting up.
 "Was she dark, with black hair and eyes?"
 "Yes, yes, yes! Oh, Mon Dieu! why!"
 "Did she wear a cross upon her neck bearing the initials 'M. I. L.'?" wildly broke in Marguerite. "A little gold cross with these letters, which was mine when I was a girl, and stood for Marguerite Isabella Landry, my maiden name, was round her neck. Oh, madam! in heaven's name, do you know anything of my child?"

"I do! I do! I found her, I brought her up as my own, and she lives with me now. Just Heaven! how mysterious are thy ways!" exclaimed the awe-struck Lady Maude.
 "There was a wild cry, and the woman, Marguerite, fell fainting on the floor.
 Ray bore her away in his arms, and Pet hastened out to attend her. At the same moment a change came over the face of the gypsy's son—a dark shadow from an invisible wing—the herald of coming death.
 Both held their breath. Great throes shook the strong form before them, and the death-dead stood in great drops on his brow. Lady Maude wiped them off, pale with awe.
 The mighty death agony ceased at last and there came a great calm. He opened his eyes and fixed them, with a look of unspeakable love, on the face bending over him.
 "Maude," he whispered, in a voice so low that it was scarcely audible, "say once more you forgive me."

She took his cold hand in both hers, and bending down, touched her lips to his pale brow, while her tears fell fast on his face.
 The hand she held grew stiff in her clasp; she lifted up her head, and her heart for an instant, almost ceased to beat. Reginald Germaine, the wronged, the guilty, was dead!
 "May God have mercy on his soul!" fervently exclaimed Lady Maude.
 "Amen," sadly and solemnly responded her husband.
 Both arose. At the same moment the door opened and Ray appeared, holding the pale and agitated Erminie by the hand.
 "Your father and mother, Erminie," he briefly said, as he again went out and closed the door.
 And in the dread, chilling presence of the dead, the long-divided parent and child were reunited at last!

(To be continued—commenced in No. 290.)

JACK RABBIT, The Prairie Sport:

OR,
THE WOLF CHILDREN OF THE LLANO ESTACADO.
BY JOSEPH E. BADGER, JR.,
AUTHOR OF "OLD BULL'S EYE," "YELLOW-
STONE JACK," "PACIFIC PETE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIX. THE PAWNEE'S PRIZE.

BLACK GAROTE had seen enough to convince him that Kingawee would be an awkward customer to handle, and so had determined to put him beyond the power of making trouble at the very outset. For this reason, that there might be no mistake or failure, he selected the young Pawnee leader for his own game, and glided noiselessly up behind him, while Kingawee was busily employed in deciphering an intricate bit of the trail left by Rosina.

Though Black Garote muffled the click of his gun as thoroughly as possible, the faint sound did not escape the keen ears of Kingawee, who immediately confronted his treacherous ally. The one glance was sufficient. Even had he not seen the half-leveled rifle, with the half-breed's hand still upon the lock, Kingawee would have read the truth in those glowing eyes—eyes full of treachery and bloodthirstiness.

Though slightly disconcerted by this unlooked-for discovery, the half-breed did not

lose his presence of mind. To hesitate now would be fatal. And dinging forward his rifle, he fired the fatal signal.

Quick as were his movements those of Kingawee were no less rapid. With a backward leap, the Pawnee bent his body nearly double, and turned as though to grapple with the half-breed. The bullet, instead of piercing his heart, simply plowed its way through the muscles of his back, near the shoulder. Though the wound was more painful than dangerous, the shock benumbed Kingawee's left side so as to partially disable him.

He staggered and fell, bleeding freely. That momentary faintness probably saved his life, for Black Garote was springing forward with clubbed rifle, when he saw the Pawnee's head droop and his form grow limp. Just then came the increased tumult as the death-struggle waxed more bitter, and Black Garote turned aside to aid his men, knowing how all-important it was that not one of Kingawee's party should escape to carry the tale of his treachery to the Mad Chief.

The half-breed's plans had been executed with tolerable fidelity. Each of his men had selected his victim, and all unsuspecting as the Indians were, it had been an easy matter to keep within sure striking distance while waiting for the buffalo-hunter's signal.

When it came, the men were ready. Half a dozen rifles cracked, at such short distance that, in more than one case, the victim's skin was powder-burnt. Others of the buffalo-hunters leaped upon their men with drawn knives, striking home with relentless energy. Completely taken by surprise, the Pawnees scarce realized the truth until four-fifths of their number were lying upon the ground, dead or dying. But then the survivors showed how thoroughly their past life of wild lawlessness, of living with every man's hands raised against them, had trained them, body and mind.

As though moved by one mind, the five unharmed braves leaped to a common center, each man stringing his bow with marvelous rapidity, fitting an arrow to the string and drawing them to their barbed heads, almost ere the buffalo-hunters realized that defense was about to be made.

The arrows were loosed—the feathered shafts sped upon their mission of death. A howl of rage broke from the hunters as three of their number went down in death, tearing and biting the flinty earth in their agony, spending their last breath in groans and curses.

Such was the sight that met the half-breed's eyes as he turned from the fallen Kingawee. Already the Pawnees were preparing for another shot, standing shoulder to shoulder, stern desperation written upon every feature—not one of the five flinching at a hairbreadth from the heavy odds that confronted them—odds that were equivalent to death. They could not hope to stand up against more than one bold charge, even if that, guarded though they were in the rear by the upright wall of rocks. Die they must; yet they would perish true wolf-children—showing and using their teeth to the last.

Black Garote saw this—read their stern determination to fall fighting, since fall they must—and he saw, too, that it would not be wholly unavenged. Their firearms empty, his men could only depend upon their bows or knives in the charge, and must receive at least one more discharge of arrows before closing. At such short range, scarce a missile could fail to reach its mark, and he could ill afford to lose more men. Already he was terribly short-handed. Any further loss would almost assure the failure of his expedition, upon which his all depended.

All this flashed through the half-breed's mind in an instant's time, and as quickly came his resolve. His loud voice rung out, high above the groans of the dying.
 "Down—to cover! and pick them off one by one!"

His orders were promptly obeyed; possibly with more alacrity than if he had commanded a charge. Like magic the buffalo-hunters sunk to the ground, each man crouching behind the nearest boulder, hurriedly preparing their weapons for use.

Though evidently not a little astonished by this display of prudence, the Pawnees were cool enough to see how greatly it lessened their chance—not of victory or escape, but of revenge, and though by so doing they were obliged to abandon their vantage-ground at the base of the huge rock, they started for the nearest cover, closely imitating the movements of their enemies.

Black Garote uttered a curse of rage at this, but finished driving his bullet home, then cautiously peered from his covert. A blaze of fire seemed to sear his vision, and a little cry broke from his lips as he dodged back, pressing one hand to his forehead. When he withdrew it, it was covered with blood. An arrow had carried away part of his woolly eyebrows. And a moment later a sharp cry from his right told him that another chance had been seized upon by the Pawnees. Plainly enough the buffalo-hunters were not equal to the wolf-children in this phase of border fighting.

A little anxiously the half-breed turned his head, and found that Gil Perez was close beside him.

"Good! you can do it, old man," Garote muttered, with an air of satisfaction. "You must surround those devils, or they'll hold us here all day. Take whom you like—Tony and Crooked Hand will be best; take them and steal around until you can pick off some of the dogs. You can do it!"

Though the seat would be a truly perilous one—since he knew right well that were a single inch of his person shown to the Pawnees, at least one arrow would be sure to feel its texture, the veteran coolly nodded, then cautiously and adroitly backed from his position, uttering a signal that would tell the two men named just what was expected of them. Difficult as was the feat, it was performed in safety, and when beyond arrow-shot, the trio passed rapidly around in order to gain the coveted position.

The Pawnees divined their danger, and knowing that to remain quiescent would be to assure their death, quickly determined upon their course; one bold and daring as their whole life had been.

With one accord they leaped up from their coverts, and, with defiant yells, boldly charged the enemy in front. Taken by surprise, the buffalo-hunters discharged a hasty volley, which, more by good fortune than aught else, brought three of the braves to the ground. The other two, each striking down a man, darted away at top speed. But the brief delay was fatal to them. Gil Perez and his comrades came up just in time to end the tragedy with their rifles.

The buffalo-hunters, infuriated by this loss, maddened by the taste of blood, vented their rage upon the still quivering bodies, hacking and hewing them out of all semblance to human shape, when Gil Perez suddenly uttered a furious curse, and pointed up the hill, where, dodging from boulder to boulder, his keen eye had caught sight of a dusky figure—an Indian.

Aroused from his half swoon by the wild yell, the report of firearms and uproar of the last struggle, Kingawee had staggered to his feet, taking in the whole scene at a single glance. He saw that all was lost—that instant flight alone could save his life and ensure him revenge, and had Gil Perez averted his eyes for five minutes longer, the Pawnee would have escaped scot-free.

Weak from loss of blood, his limbs unsteady and trembling, his head dizzy, Kingawee felt his heart sink as he heard the fierce yells of his bloodthirsty pursuers, and saw them scrambling frantically toward him, up the steep incline.

On he fled, nervously clutching the knife at his girdle—the only weapon he now possessed—hoping against hope. Possibly the loss of blood had weakened his spirit as well as body, for, though he felt that flight was useless, that in his present weak state he could not hope to distance his stanch pursuers, he could not bring himself to turn and stand at bay.

Nearer and nearer came the hunters, until already their arrows began to hurtle viciously around the fugitive, when Kingawee abruptly halted, a little cry of despair parting his lips. Before his feet yawned a deep, impassable chasm. To attempt to skirt it would throw him into the hands of the buffalo-hunters. All was lost!

With exultant cries the pursuers came on. To their surprise they saw Kingawee run along a few yards, then disappear from view. Only for a moment, however. Then he uprose, holding before his broad, blood-stained breast the struggling form of a maiden!

A cry of recognition burst from the half-breed as he beat down the leveled weapons of his men.

It was the form of Rosina Raymond!
 "Back!" cried Kingawee, his voice ringing out in wild triumph. "Back! or the white squaw dies!"

His keen knife-point was pressed against the maiden's bosom. With a gasping moan, poor Rosina lost all consciousness of her terrible position.

"Harm her and I'll cut you into inch pieces," snarled Garote.

Kingawee laughed exultantly. He knew that he held the game in his own hands. Bidding the whites fall back, he leaped up from the ledge, still holding the maiden so as to shield his person. Then he dictated his terms.

Pointing to a distant point of rock, he said that he would give up the maiden, on condition that none of the party should attempt to follow him until he gained that position. If they refused he would drive his knife to the squaw's heart, and die fighting them while breath lasted.

Garote consulted in whispers with Gil Perez, who suddenly agreed to the proposal, since he could do nothing else. And then, still facing the enemy, Kingawee retreated, cool and cautious, careful not to throw away a chance.

Suddenly enough Black Garote watched him. It was a bitter blow, yet his cunning mind was not idle. The unforeseen error might yet be remedied.

The point of rocks was nearly reached when Kingawee was seen to falter, stagger back, then fall heavily upon his face!

CHAPTER XX.

JACK RABBIT "LOOMS UP, BIG."

And the Pawnees were awaiting the signal! The tableau was an impressive one. Cool and resolute, his plan thoroughly mapped out, with implicit confidence in his comrade, Jack Rabbit had timed his story well, closely watching the progress of the dance, ready to act when the critical moment came.

At the first move of the selected change he did act. Standing close beside the old chief, he grasped him firmly by the right arm, thrusting a revolver muzzle against his breast, yet in such a manner that the truth could not be read by the dancers. At the same instant Tony Chew secured Mini Lusa in the same manner.

The change was complete, and as one man the Pawnees eagerly turned toward their chief, their eyes glowing, their nostrils dilated as though already scenting the bloody feast, their hands nervously clutching the ready weapons at their waists, while the unconscious spectators seated around clapped their hands and shouted in hearty praise of the unique performance.

"Speak one word—make a single motion—and you are a dead man!" hissed Jack Rabbit, pressing the threatening weapon still closer. "And not only you, but your daughter. Her life also rests upon your lips. If you dare give the signal, neither of you will live to hear it answered."

The chief turned his head and glanced toward Mini Lusa. He saw that the young borderer's words were true. The dumb scout held the maiden's life at his finger ends. No earthly power could prevent his carrying out the threat if driven to desperation.

Mini Lusa returned the glance with a pitiful, imploring look, as though begging him to have mercy. The Mad Chief felt this glance aright, and Jack Rabbit read the stout arm tremble in his grasp.

The warriors stared in mute amazement. Why was not the signal given? Could the chief have overlooked the indicated change? This seemed the only possible answer, and so, with wild cries and increasing clamor, they resumed their dance, two changes before the fatal one.

"Quick—you must give me your answer now—another minute will be too late. You see that we know all—that we are determined to save our friends from massacre, or else take you and your child down to death with us. Decide—quick!"

"I don't understand you—" hoarsely muttered the Mad Chief, his muscles suddenly growing rigid; but if he meditated a desperate stroke in hopes of redeeming himself, that hope was quickly crushed.

"Beware! think of her—your child!" grated Jack Rabbit. "Even if you could escape me, she is doomed. I have only to raise my voice and she dies. Take my warning—his well meant, and will be better for us all."

"What is it you want? I don't know what you mean."

"You do, well. You know—and so do we—that this dance was to end in a massacre. You were to give the signal—a yell—at that point in the dance; then your braves were to attack the helpless whites. See! they are coming to the same change again. When they pause you must give them some answer. If the one they expect, then, by the God above! you and your child dies!"

"If this is so, what do you expect me to do?" suddenly replied the chief, seeing how helpless he was, even in the midst of his braves.

"Make them understand that you have changed your mind—anything, just so you don't give the signal, nor attempt to let them see the real reason. Now—they're waiting! Remember your daughter!" grated Jack Rab-

bit, his eyes glowing, his revolver pressing deep into the Mad Chief's side.

It was a bitter pill for the proud, haughty chief to swallow, but he saw that there was no other alternative—that he was entirely at the scout's mercy. True, a single cry would bring his braves to his aid—but only in time to avenge his death, not to save his life. Yet, had it been only himself, he would have risked everything, rather than tamely submit. But Mini Lusa—!

Again the Pawnees paused in their dance, looking eagerly, wonderingly at their chief. He turned toward them, but the expected signal was not uttered. Instead, in a low, cold tone he praised their efforts, then bade them seek the repose they had so thoroughly earned by their gallant and arduous efforts of the day.

Amazement was deeply imprinted upon every dusky face, as the braves listened. Slowly their bent bows relaxed and the arrows dropped unheeded to the ground. Their painted faces wore a perplexed and sullen look. But the Mad Chief's word was law; not one dared transgress it, nor even to murmur audibly their dissatisfaction.

"Are you satisfied?" muttered the chief, turning to Jack Rabbit, with a malignant look.

"Thus far—yes. It gives me some hopes that we can yet come to some arrangement agreeable to us both. Come—we can talk it all over as we walk, better than here, where it is so easy to be overheard."

The Mad Chief seemed inclined to rebel, evidently suspecting some fresh trouble beneath this proposal, but once more the threatening pistol pressing against his ribs brought him to terms. Suddenly, almost suffocating with rage and mortification, he accompanied the young borderer, moving slowly away from the ring of fires, following Tony Chew, who led the way with Mini Lusa.

Straight across the valley they passed, heading for the off-mentioned pocket. The old chief made no resistance, did not even remonstrate, after he saw that the giant borderer was holding a knife-point to the heart of the maiden. His passionate love for her was the best safeguard the scouts could have had.

Entering the narrow crevice in the rock-wall, the scouts paused at a point from whence a fair view of the moon-lighted valley could be obtained, and thus assured against espial, Jack Rabbit lost little time in coming to the point.

"I suppose you would like to know our reasons for bringing you here; that is easy told. After what you told them, your braves will not dare molest us, unless they have your orders. Taking advantage of this, we mean to be far away from this before morning. You will soon be missed; some one will find you before you have time to suffer. Then, if you choose to follow us, good enough."

Turning to Tony Chew, Jack continued:
 "Do you see to them, old man. You know what we have decided upon. At all risks they must be kept quiet and out of sight until the train is well out of this hole. If he tries any of his tricks, put your knife through him. You understand?"

The big scout nodded coolly, then Jack Rabbit turned and left the pocket, eager to complete the work so well and boldly begun.

He paused at the line of the moonlight, and gazed keenly before him. The fires were still burning brightly, and the Indians were gathered in knots, evidently discussing the sudden and inexplicable change which had come over their chief. The buffalo-hunters had returned to their tents, and toward these Jack now hastened, seeking out the leader, Don Raymond.

"You have no news of—" began the buffalo-hunter.

"No—and what you believed the greatest misfortune, may, after all, turn out just the contrary. It was in hopes of their return that this feast was so long delayed."

"They would have enjoyed it—especially poor Pablo."

"As much as we have seen—doubtless. Don Raymond, you are a wise and prudent man, I believe. You have been—still in deadly peril, here. Only for a friendly warning which I received, not one of your party would now be alive. Hush! an alarm now would ruin everything!"

In a few rapid words, Jack Rabbit made known his discovery of the intended massacre, and how it had been happily averted.

"Our only chance is to leave this trap before the red devils can suspect what we have done. I don't think they will dare molest us without the order from their chief. At any rate, we can do nothing else. You must prepare for the road; pass the word for every man to have his weapons within easy reach, but to guard against showing their distrust too plainly. We may have to fight, but I hope and trust not."

Startled and almost dismayed by this unexpected intelligence, Don Raymond could scarcely comprehend the whole extent of the danger they had so narrowly escaped. Yet he did not doubt the truth of Jack's story. It was too circumstantial for that.

With Jack as an aide, he spoke to each man, bidding them prepare for a night-march, telling them just enough to put them upon their guard. In this part of his work he was unconsciously assisted by the Pawnees, who, as soon as they noted the unusual stir, came forward to learn the cause. Their dark looks and sullen scowls opened the hunters' eyes more widely. They began to scent the mine over which they had been slumbering.

"Why are our white friends so uneasy?" demanded one of the eldest braves, of Don Raymond. "The wolf-children have been seen and eyes that see far, even in the night-time, but they have never seen nor heard the buffaloes."

"We are not going to hunt in the night-time," replied Raymond, as calmly as he could. "But my children do not come back, and I fear they are lost in the desert. We are going to look for them."

The savage laughed shortly as he pointed toward the carts and cattle, as though ridiculing the idea of following a trail with such aids.

"The great chief said, let our white friends wait. He never speaks foolish words. His face would be black were his braves to let his friends depart with empty hands, while he slept. You must wait until he speaks again!"
 "He has spoken," abruptly put in Jack Rabbit. "He knows everything. If he thinks it well that we should go, is a poor brave to say that his words are not good?"

The brave turned away, but with an angry look that boded them ill. And as he rejoined the Pawnees, a peculiar signal was passed from brave to brave. As if in obedience to it, the warriors, fully armed, took up their position before the mouth of the basin, effectually shutting the buffalo-hunters in.

"You see—we can't fight our way out!" gloomily uttered Raymond.

"How much better would it be to remain in here!" half-laughed Jack Rabbit. "Bid your

men make haste. We must be miles away from here before daybreak!"

Suddenly a wild yell broke from the Pawnees, and several of them darted hastily forward. Guided by their action, the whites glanced toward the pocket. Two human figures were visible, just entering the moonlighted ground. The one light and graceful, the other tall, massive, a giant in size, whose long white hair and beard contrasted strangely with his half-nude, jet-black skin. There could be no mistaking either.

"God help us now!" gasped Don Raymond. "It is the MAD CHIEF!"
 Jack Rabbit laughed, recklessly, as he cocked his revolver.

CHAPTER XXI. A WOMAN'S WIT.

ALL seemed lost. The Mad Chief uttered a wild yell as he was joined by the Pawnee braves. Slight hope was there for the buffalo-hunters now, maddened as he must be by the indignities which had been put upon him by the two scouts.

Their desperate case seemed to strengthen Don Raymond, if anything, for, in a clear, ringing voice he bade his men prepare for the struggle—to remember that they were fighting not only for themselves, but their dear ones, their wives and children.

With the cool desperation born of their critical position, the buffalo-hunters gathered around the rude carretas in which their women and children had sought refuge, silently facing the yelling, exultant foe.

The Pawnees seemed playing with their victims, as a cat does with a mouse. The bonfires had been replenished until, with the moonlight, all was clear and distinct as mid-day. Gathered together before the on-point by which the basin could be left, they appeared to be listening to the words of their chief, with enthusiastic cries and shouts.

"I don't understand it," muttered Jack Rabbit. "Tony would have died before he suffered them to escape, and we heard nothing of any struggle. I'll go and see what it all means, any how!"

And without listening to the eager remonstrance of the buffalo-hunter, Jack Rabbit glided rapidly toward the turbulent crowd of dusky warriors. As his approach was noted, several braves sprang toward him with angry yells, but the young scout never flinched, only drawing his pistols and cocking them.

His fate seemed sealed when Mini Lusa sprang forward interposing between him and the threatening braves.

"Back! he is the favored child of the Master of Life. The arm raised against him in anger shall be withered like the bough of a dead tree!"

At all times listened to with respect, the Prophetess now spoke in an unusually impressive tone, and the rash braves shrunk back in superstitious awe. Nor was this feeling lessened when they saw the Mad Chief—he whom they had considered impervious to fear or any influence other than his own fierce passions—glide forward, and sinking upon one knee, humbly bow his head over the hand of the young borderer, as though vowing fealty and submission.

Jack Rabbit started back in amazement, but the words which trembled upon his lips were fortunately drowned by the quick speech of the Prophetess.

"Children of the Great Wolf! Open your ears and listen to the message which the Master of Life bids you receive through the lips of his daughter!"

It was an impressive proof of the remarkable influence which Mini Lusa had gained over that wild, turbulent band, that at her first words instantly all became still; weapons were lowered, angry scowls gave place to looks of deep attention.

"The Master of Life has spoken to his child and his words are very bitter. He says that his chosen children are growing careless and forgetful; they no longer remember his sacred command, 'Raise not your hand in anger against your brother who places trust in your friendship.' This is his order, and while the wolf-children obeyed, his face was clear and his heart soft toward them. But they have forgotten. They have made friends with the pale-faced hunters with their tongues, while their hearts were filled with hatred; they have lured them into a trap, have feasted them, danced for them, called them brothers, gave them one hand in friendship while the other held a bloody weapon behind their backs. The Master of Life has seen this, and he is very angry. He says: 'If my chosen children are so false, in whom can I place any trust? He is very angry, but he could not bring himself to destroy his loved children without giving them one chance to repent. He put his hand upon the heart of our chief and softened it so that he could not speak the word of death; he blew away the dark cloud that had covered the Black Tiger's eyes. He led him aside and spoke into his ears the words which I have repeated to you. He bade him let the pale-faces depart in peace, only asking a promise that they never more venture into the land of the Great Wolf!'"

Mini Lusa paused, glancing around upon her audience with outward calm, but really strongly agitated heart. It was a bold stand she had taken, but would it prove successful?

As her speech progressed the brows of the Pawnees gradually lowered. The words were very bitter to them. It was hard to lose the bloody but delicious morsel with which they had so long been coquetting. Swift glances were interchanged, the meaning of which was plain enough, but none seemed bold enough to accept the position until one, the old brave who had spoken so sharply to Don Raymond, obeyed the mute appeal of his fellows and stepped boldly forward.

"The Prophetess has spoken, and the wolf-children have listened with all their ears. She is very wise, and the Master of Life has called her his child. But still she is young and a squaw. She may have misunderstood his words, since he spoke to Black Tiger, not to her. The chief has a tongue; let him speak and tell his children what the Great Spirit really did say."

A murmur of approval ran around the dusky circle as the Crow spoke, and all eyes were turned upon the Black Chief, who still stood before the young borderer. But before he could have replied Mini Lusa spoke, sharply:

"You have heard the message. The Master of Life is not a dog, that his words need be repeated more than once. It is your duty to obey, and without asking is this or that for the best?"

"Let our chief speak and we will obey, in silence. But while he is near the words of a squaw go in at one ear and out at the other," stubbornly retorted the Crow.

"Then take his answer!" cried the Prophetess, springing aside and waving her ornamented wand with an angry air.

A streak of flame seemed to shoot through the air; then, with a horrible death screech, the Pawnee flung aloft his arms and fell heavily.

ly backward, a tomahawk sunk to the very eye in his shattered skull. Leaping forward, Black Tiger placed one foot upon the quivering corpse and wrenching the weapon from its ghastly sheath, glanced sternly around upon the lute, awe-stricken band.

Like a flock of frightened sheep the savages started back, not knowing where the insane anger of the chief might carry him. And in that moment the victory was won.

"You have saved our lives once again," muttered Jack Rabbit, so close to Mini Lusa's ear that his breath fanned her cheek. "Only you could have done it. How can I thank you?"

"By making the best of your way from here. Hurry up your friends—tell them that more than life depends upon their diligence. The trail is open for them now, but how long 'twill remain open God only knows."

"They are nearly ready. They realize the full extent of their danger now. But I must speak of myself. This bold rescue—I know it was yours, for we had scarcely dared think of it, since my friend cannot speak. How will it end—what will your fate be, when they find out the part you have played—as they must, soon?"

"What matter—I am only a poor squaw—at any rate, you and your friends will be safe." As she spoke there was a strange, trembling cadence to her voice that she in vain sought to hide. But the quick ear of Jack Rabbit read the truth, and he replied, eagerly: "It does matter—so much that I shall not leave you to bear the consequences alone. Mini, darling, you must know that I love you—I could not have hidden it had I tried. I know it has only been a few hours since we first met—under other circumstances I might not have spoken so soon; but you have shown an interest in me that gives me hopes—hopes that you do love me a little. Am I wrong, darling?"

"Is this a time for such words?" she said, reproachfully.

"It may be the only time left us for anything, and I wish you to know my whole heart in case anything happens to me to-night. You know the danger we are in—if they should detect our trick—nothing could save us from massacre. Then tell me—could you ever learn to love me?"

"Not learn—no," faltered the Prophetess; but her face revealed far more, and with a joyous cry, Jack Rabbit sought to clasp her to his breast.

Mini Lusa however eluded him, with a significant gesture toward the Pawnees. Jack, though with a rueful look, realized how fatal such an exhibition would be, and managed to control his ecstasies.

"Then you will go with us—we will leave this place forever!"

"No, I can't leave him. I am all in all to him now, and you must not ask it. There—no more. Think of me sometimes, as I shall of you. And now, good-by!"

With these words she glided swiftly away, quickly disappearing among the group of savages, where, under the circumstances, he dared not follow her. At that moment he who had thus far so successfully impersonated the Mad Chief, drew near him, with a peculiar gesture.

"You fooled even me, old man," softly laughed Jack. "I was ready to send you a blue pill, at the first chance. But see! the carts are nearly ready for the trail. If we can only pass the fires yonder, without coming to blows! But I'm dubious—it has all worked too smoothly for our faces. Even the first stroke for it to last the deal through."

Tony Chew's hands moved swiftly for a few moments.

"The lesson you gave them may answer, but if you could only imitate his voice as well! However, that can't be helped. We must risk your horse, too. Wait here for me."

Jack hastened away to bring up their horses, as the train was now ready for the road. The counterfeit chief saw that several of the Pawnees were approaching him, and though he clutched a revolver hidden in his girdle, he dared not attempt to avoid them. They paused before him and spoke, humbly enough, but Tony scowled darkly upon them and with an angry gesture, turned shortly away, just as Jack came hastily up, and sprung into the saddle.

The train passed quickly out of the basin, none of the savages venturing to raise a finger to stay them, though black looks were upon every side. The two scouts hung behind, Jack looking for Mini Lusa, who had so suddenly vanished. Tony grew more and more uneasy as he noted the change that was gradually creeping over the Pawnees. Already a murmur of dissatisfaction was becoming audible. But Jack had eyes, ears for nothing save the one thing—he must find the Prophetess.

A hoarse, bellowing roar rather than yell—a shrill, piercing scream; then two figures darted out from the pocket.

"Death and curses!" howled Jack Rabbit. "That devil has broken loose!"

"Stop her—kill her if she don't stop!" yelled the escaped chief, as the light-footed Prophetess eluded his grasp.

"You hear—they'll murder her!" grated the young borderer. "Go—save yourself, old man. As for me—I'll save her or die with her!"

Striking right and left at the crowding savages, Jack urged his horse toward the fugitive, shouting aloud her name. Close beside him kept the faithful scout, nobly seconding his exertions. Mini was lifted up before Jack, but then—the infuriated savages closed in from every side. They were surrounded. Flight was impossible.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 306.)

Happy Harry,
THE WILD BOY OF THE WOODS;
OR,
The Pirates of the Northern Lakes.
BY OLL COOMES,
AUTHOR OF "IDARO TOM," "DAKOTA DAN,"
"BOWIE-KNIFE BEN," "OLD HURRICANE,"
"HAWKEYE HARRY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXI.—CONTINUED.

THE Americans were completely routed. What at first had promised to be such a brilliant victory terminated in total defeat and the loss of many brave and noble men. But we will not enter into further details of this battle than is necessary to follow up the characters of our story.

tom of the wall and the dirt that fell, and in this space Harry lay. This narrow prison was closed at the top, for the earth fell in one solid chunk, but at each end there was a small opening that admitted air and sound.

For awhile after the fall a cloud of stifling dust pervaded the youth's narrow prison, and it seemed as though he should surely suffocate; but this soon settled, and Harry was permitted to rejoice over his own miraculous escape, only to beval the fate of the little army whose hopes had once been so buoyant.

He could hear the awful cries and moans of the wounded, the yells and shouts of the victorious British and savages, and the thunderous tramp of hoofs along the creek. But all sounds of the battle soon died away. Only the agonizing groans without reminded him that the dreadful conflict through which he had so recently passed was a stern reality.

The youth knew that he could not escape from his confinement before dark. He knew that the battlefield would be frequented throughout the whole day by the enemy in burying the dead and caring for the wounded. His safety lay in waiting the coming of night, and upon this he resolved at once, without a second thought.

He spent the long hours of waiting in reflection. He epitomized all the events of the past week, and recalled the faces that had figured therein. The noble face of Long Beard and the angelic Tempy stood out the most conspicuous. The hateful visages of Kirby Kale and Bill Mucklewee were the next most prominent, but the assurance that both these men were dead gave him relief. Then he recalled the events through which he had passed—his adventure in General Brock's camp; his narrow escape at old Davy's cabin; the battle; the first discharge of the American rifles; the groans of the dying; and that awful, awful look worn by the face of the color-bearer as he walked a lifeless corpse toward him!

Old Davy did not escape his thoughts. He remembered the last words he had heard the veteran borderman utter as he went down in battle; and then he wondered if he had died, or had been tramped to death beneath the feet of the victors and the horses. And last, but not least, came the sudden thought of Belshazzar. Where was he? his faithful companion of years? Had he been slain? or had he been lost in the rout? The last time he remembered seeing him was a few moments before the battle opened.

Thus musing, the hours were away, and the first thing Harry knew he was growing sleepy. He had not slept for two or three nights. He had been kept awake by excitement and activity, and so he resolved to take a nap. Resting his head upon his arm he soon became lost in the oblivion of sleep. When he awoke it seemed as though he had been sleeping a week. He knew, however, that such could not be the case; but he was satisfied that hours had passed, and that it was then far in the night.

He listened for some sound without, but not the slightest noise could be heard unless it was the soft, creeping ripple of the water in the creek. This satisfied him that the enemy had all retired from the battlefield, if not from the vicinity; and he at once began to entertain thoughts of attempting his release. But to his horror and surprise he heard a slight noise outside just as he was about to begin operations. He listened closely, and discovered that something or somebody was digging into the bank that covered him! He could distinctly hear a kind of scratching noise that grew louder and louder each moment, and which left no doubt in the boy's mind but that search was being made for him, either by a friend or foe, who had seen him fall and buried there.

A horrible suspense took possession of him. He remained quiet, listening with bated breath. A great lump came up in his throat when he felt particles of dirt crumbling down upon him. It told him that the digger had made his way through the wall that separated him from the outer world. He could now see the open, starry sky through the hole made by the unknown. He could see a dark object near the opening outside, and could hear a noise like the low panting of an animal. He happened to think of his dog. In a low tone he called him by name. Instantly the dark object outside thrust itself into the hole and uttered a low whine.

Harry's heart gave a great bound, and he could scarcely suppress a cry of joy. It was his faithful friend Belshazzar, true enough, who by some unaccountable means had sought out his young master's concealment.

The youth soon enlarged the hole made by the dog sufficient for his body to pass through. Then he thrust his head and shoulders out and listened, at the same time caressing the dog.

He heard a slow, measured footstep on the opposite shore, and peering through the night he saw the outlines of a British sentinel pacing to and fro along the bank. By this he knew he was inside the enemy's lines, unless they had changed their position south of the creek, and that great danger would attend his proposed attempt to escape.

He knew the moon would soon be up, for it was already growing light in the east. He saw that that moment was the best to act, during the darkness which precedes the rising of the moon, and securing the English flag that he had captured in battle about his person, he crept out of his cell, and upon his hands and knees made his way to the water's edge.

He had decided to creep down the creek, wade where he could not crawl on hands and knees, and swim where he could not wade, believing that the ripple of the water would drown all sounds he might make.

Without a moment's hesitation he crept into the water and began moving slowly down the stream, using his utmost precaution.

Success attended his efforts, and in less than an hour he had run the gambit of the enemy's picket and found himself a few beyond their lines. But again he found himself without gun or pistol, and he really felt that he was at the mercy of any foe. Still, he had his friend, Belshazzar, who was more than a match for any one man, and trusting to his keen instinct he pushed on down the creek.

He had not gone over half a mile when the dog came to a sudden stop, and uttered a low, sniffling whine. Harry knew he had discovered something, and stopped.

He heard a slight noise in the bushes before them, and a heavy sigh. The dog stood still, wagging his tail and with his nose pointed directly ahead; and as Harry continued to listen, he heard that heavy breathing of some one or something repeated.

The lad began to think the matter over, and finally wondered if it could be some wounded soldier who had crept away unobserved from the battlefield and concealed himself there. He became so impressed with the belief that this was the case, as he thought the matter calmly over, that he could not think of leaving without knowing positively, and so, in a low tone, he asked:

"Speak ag'in, stranger; I swar I b'lieve I war right."

"Yes, you were right, Davy. Come out," responded Harry, and the old trapper, weak and suffering from a terrible wound, staggered out of the thicket.

CHAPTER XXXII.

A LONELY GRAVE IN THE FOREST.

"Let me lean upon you, Harry; I'm weak—waker than water," said Davy Darrett, as he came out of the thicket and approached the little hero.

"Yes, let me help you, Davy," replied the boy, "for I know you are badly hurt. I saw you fall, and was afraid I would never see you again."

"Ah! that was a terrible battle, Harry, a terrible battle. Our men should never have left their intrenchments. I got a terrible blow, but it wasn't half as bad as some others got. Poor Iron Hand lay dying as I passed him. He reached out his hand, and said, 'Good-by, Davy; then he catshed sight of my shattered arm, and continued: 'I'll tell 'em you're comin' soon.' He knowed I couldn't live."

"My God, Davy! are you hurt that bad?" cried the boy.

"Hurt that bad? why, lad, I am literally dying by inches."

"Oh, no, Davy," replied Harry, persistently, and with a tremor in his voice; "you are not hurt that bad."

"Well, I hope not, Harry; but don't worry 'bout me."

"Lean upon me heavier, Davy; don't hesitate, for I am stout, you know. Let me help you to a place of greater security. The Indians are no doubt scouting through the woods after stragglers, and they may find you."

"They have found me already, Harry, but I was dead then. Oh, but this is a cruel, cruel world, lad. Here I've fought along fifty years or more and have nothin' to lose, and everything in the world to gain. I've seen but a few sunny days in all these years. The outside world has been dull to me, in one sense, but in another I've made it lively. Ah, Harry, I can go no further! I must sit down here and rest in this little glade. It would be a nice place for a grave, lad."

"They were now in the center of a little glade or natural opening in the dense woods. The moon was up, and her mellow rays fell full and bright upon the old man and boy.

The latter started at sight of his companion's terrible aspect. His face and body were covered with coagulated blood. His eyes were hollow and sunken. His left arm hung limp and lifeless at his side.

"Davy!" cried Harry, "you are worse than you appear. You have been keeping the truth from me—where did all that blood come from on your face and breast?"

"From my arm, Harry, from my arm," replied the old man, rather evasively; "here—right here, let me sit down and rest, lad."

Harry eased him carefully down to a seat upon the ground, with his back against the trunk of a fallen tree.

"There, there, that is better, Harry," he said, resting his head back upon the log.

"Then, let me dress your wounded arm, Davy. I have a silken flag, here, that I captured from the British, and it will be the very thing to bind up your wounds with."

"Better save the flag, Harry," replied old Davy; "it'll be a big thing for you. To capture an enemy's colors is a great thing, lad. They speak about such things in history, so don't throw it away on me."

"I care nothing for the honor of kapterin' the flag, compared with my desire for your comfort, Davy."

"You can do me but little good, lad, but that you may feel that you done all you could for me, you may bind up my arm."

"Davy, you don't really believe you're goin' to die, do you?"

"I'll never see the sun rise again, lad—no, never!"

"You are disheartened and feeling bad, Davy. You must not die—you have been my best friend these many years, and I cannot give you up."

"I know I have been your friend, Harry, and I never told you why I liked you so well, but now I might as well tell you. I used to love your mother, lad. When I was a young man of twenty, I had a smatterin' of education. I could read and write, and went in the best society. Then I loved Mary Grayson, a pretty, modest girl of eighteen, and I guess she liked me. But the fates war against us. A villain came in between us, and made me what I am. He was your father, was Ishmael Wilde. He won Mary away from me and married her, and I banded up and put off to the woods and became a hunter. Then, a year or two after they were wed, your war born. Your father treated Mary very unkind, and one day she died when you war four years old. You war then left with the family of an old hunter, of whom you received many valuable lessons in woodcraft and Injin-fighting. Your father was killed by the Ingins, and the old hunter's wife dyin' and his gal marryin', left you alone in the world again. But all this time I'd been keepin' a watch on you, and when I see'd you war without a home again, I induced you to take up your abode with me, where you've staid a good many years, off and on. You have been a good boy, Harry, with all the virtues of your dead mother; and this is why I loved you as though you were my own boy."

Harry burst into tears as he listened to this story of his parentage. It was the first time he remembered of ever having heard of his early life. He knew that the family in which he had been raised was not his own; nevertheless he loved its members as dearly as though they had been his near kindred.

Carefully as he could, under the circumstances, the lad bandaged the wounded arm of the old borderman, and when completed he said:

"Now, Davy, let me take your coon-skin cap and I will run down to the creek and bring you up a sup of water in it. You must be feverish."

"No, no, don't move my cap, Harry, till after I'm gone. My head will burst, it aches so, if you remove the cap. It serves as a bandage, and oh, if it was an iron hoop it would feel much better! Just sit down, Harry; it won't last long. The clouds are breakin' away now, and out of them I see a snow-white throne appear—ah! me; ah! me; lean my head back against the log, lad—don't move the cap—there! there! I feel easier—much easier! Oh, that radiant light! Who says there's not hope for all beyond this life? He who does, maligns God's mercy, for God is kind and just. He makes the good and makes the wicked. He has an object in it, for His ways are inscrutable. He will be unmerciful to none—we are the offsprings of His will, and

He doeth all things well—Harry, Harry! where are you, boy?"

"Here, Davy, here, by you," said the lad, kneeling by the old man's side.

"Ah! there's a mist gatherin' over my eyes—I can't see you, and my sight never failed before. But, Harry, don't take off my cap till I'm dead—bury me here—right here in this glade, Harry. The rush of the creek and the moan of the woods won't disturb my slumbers—I'll sleep here sweetly—Harry, here—your hand—fare—well, lad, fare—"

He rattled in the throat; his head fell forward upon his breast, and all that was mortal of Davy Darrett had returned to its Maker.

Happy Harry sat down upon the log by Davy's side and burst into tears. He sobbed as though his heart was broken. He had lost a friend—a dear friend. The scene was sad and solemn. The deep, dark wood, the little moonlit glade, the weeping boy, the chouchant dog, the deep and awful silence of night—all, in the presence of death—conspired to make the occasion one of the deepest solemnity.

It was some time before the lad could shake off the dread and sorrow that had settled over his young spirit. When he did, he removed Davy's cap and beheld a spectacle that sent a shudder to his heart. Davy had been scalped! The Indians had found him, true enough, which accounted for his refusal to have his cap removed.

"Poor Davy! how he must have suffered!" the lad murmured; "but he is out of his misery, and I can do nothin' but—"

He burst into tears again, but after awhile he rallied, and taking Davy's knife, began the laborious task of cutting out a grave. He cut and sliced away the sod, then put Belshazzar to digging. Thus the two together finally accomplished the work, and just as the sun looked over the eastern forest-tops, Harry, with sorrowful heart and tearful eyes, turned away from the lonely grave of his beloved friend, Davy Darrett.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

AS IT SHOULD BE.

As he turned away from the grave of Davy Darrett, Happy Harry broke into a run as if to keep down the terrible emotions of sorrow struggling in his breast for expression.

When a mile or two away he stopped to think whether he was going. He knew by the course of the Brownstown creek and the position of the sun, where the points of the compass were. But he wished to reach some point of safety. He remembered where Van Horne had told him that Colonel Miller was encamped with a large party of troops, and so at once set out toward that point.

He reached the camp during the day in an almost exhausted condition. But, when it became known in the camp who he was, every kindness in the power of the soldiers was shown him, and by the following day he was himself again.

The news of Van Horne's defeat preceded Harry to Miller's command, and the colonel at once made preparations to move against the enemy. On the following day he took up his line of march, and the same day engaged the British and Indians in a desperate struggle, gaining a decisive victory over them, as at ready related.

Harry accompanied the little army and passed through the hottest of the battle with out a scratch, fighting side by side with veterans of the army.

On the day following this second battle, the youth took his departure for Laketown, where he had left Long Beard and his daughters. And it was the happiest moment of his life when he broke to the giant the news of Kirby Kale's death in battle, and received the blessings of the father and daughters for the services he had rendered them in the hours of trial and trouble.

From this time on dated a new era in the life of the persecuted Long Beard and his fair daughters. With the chief instigator of all his troubles forever silent he had nothing further to fear. He never returned to England but made America his adopted home, and all through the war of 1812 he served the American cause in the capacity of a scout, along with Happy Harry.

Happy Harry never met with the Princess Eeeshlah again. He even never heard of her, and always believed, from certain evidences, that she had been murdered at the Pleiades Islands after her return from the brig-of-war the day she took Tempy to her friends aboard the vessel. If she had been killed, Bill Mucklewee had done the deed in retaliation for her turning upon him that day with his own pistol and driving him out of the canoe into the lake.

And now comes the denouement of our story, which will no doubt be a surprise to the reader. Captain Robert Rankin took command of his company as soon as he had recovered from his injuries received that memorable night, and during the time that he was absent from Tempy, the infatuation that had sprung up between them at the Pleiades died gradually out. After each one had been placed amid different surroundings, the romance of his and her first meeting lost its charms.

Tempy's was but a childish attachment, and the captain's that of a gallant man for a gallant child. Had they been permitted a more intimate acquaintance and years of courtship this attachment would no doubt have ripened into pure love. But, the hard fate wiled it otherwise, since they were no more than common mortals, susceptible of all the changes that young lives are heir to.

They had never been betrothed, so there was no violation of either's words or honor, in their disavowance and forgetfulness of their first admiration.

And so, shortly after the war ended, Colonel Rankin married a young lady of Detroit; and some five years later, Happy Harry, then a noble specimen of manhood, and a captain in the army, married the lovely Tempy, his first and only love.

THE END.

Oil Coomes soon comes forward once more with a sparkling story brimming with the wild spirit of the West, in which the noted "Triangle," Dakota Dan, his horse and dog, make their last appearance!

Boys—"old boys" and young—will throw up their hats at this announcement, and well they may, for, in the new serial,

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A CHILD'S QUEST.

The bright, red sun at last had sunk Adown the flaming west; and I, Within my lonely little room, Had watched with joy the sweet day die! With joy, because no cowardice It was, if then I courted sleep And refuge from my wakefulness; For wakefulness was but to weep.

One dark, sad day had passed since we— Her other friends and I—had lain My lifeless love beneath the sod, But oh! the awful, senseless pain, That ached within me now that day, The longest year of all my life, In which had died my friend, my loved, My wood, my won, my all—but wife.

And as I sat within the gloom— The gloaming, it had been before— Gently, as though her spirit rapped, There came a soft tap at my door. Somehow—I know not why, unless It was that, sitting thus apart, Some one had sought me out—to knock Brought tenderness upon my heart.

The fleeing sense of loneliness Was all of joy I could abide; And almost tremblingly I caught The door, and threw it open wide. At first I thought my brain was mocked, Because I saw no being there; But next a tiny, tearful voice There came upon me unawares:

And looking down, the upturned face Of little Minnie met my view: "Please, is you dot my sister here? I don't know where to find my Lu!" I pressed the darling to my heart, And kissed away her childish fear; Then whispered to my heart and her: "Thank God! I have got Lulu here!"

"Praise God! I have got Lulu here! Here, where not death, nor time, nor tears Can rob me of my precious love, Nor all the flight of weary years Can dim her beauty, change her grace!" And when, with lingering caresses, I kissed the little one good night, My room had lost its loneliness.

"FACTS ARE STUBBORN THINGS."

Thousands of human beings are yearly borne on the swift current of disease down to the grave, just because they do not possess a sufficient knowledge of themselves. A man meets his neighbor, and the first salutation is, "How are you?" or "How is your health?" The reply frequently is, "Oh, I am well, with the exception of a cold." Most persons lightly regard a cold. Reader, do you know that a cold is one of the most dangerous of maladies? It not only clogs up the pores of the entire system, and retards circulation, but it is productive of Catarrh, which is quite apt to lead to Consumption. "Oh!" you say, "it is nothing but a cold in my head." True, but that cold is really a mild form of Catarrh, and if not arrested in its course will become chronic. Catarrh is one of the most disagreeable, offensive affections in the catalogue of disease. The passage to the nose is obstructed, the sense of smell is impaired, and there is a disagreeable sensation of pressure in the head. In the more advanced stages, there is a discharge having an offensive odor. If the disease be allowed to continue in its course, thick, hard incrustations will form in the head, the bones of which sometimes become softened and break away in pieces. Why will persons continue to suffer from such an annoying, disgusting disease, when they can just as well be cured of it? Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy will cure the worst forms of Catarrh; in fact, it is the only sure and safe remedy which has yet been offered to the public. Many harsh, irritating preparations have, for a time, relieved the urgency of the symptoms, but they do not cure the disease. Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy is soothing and healing in its effects, and when used with Dr. Pierce's Nasal Douche, according to directions, does not fail to effect a cure. Sold by all druggists.

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[The following chant was written by request to be sung at the opening of the Centennial. It is one of the poet's last chance. It may seem overelaborated, since he labored six weeks on it, but he assures us it is one of the greatest efforts of his pen. He suggests that it be sung to Old Hundred, as that tune would be most appropriate. He is just recovering from the effects of its composition, and will be able to be out in a few days.—ED. SAT. JOURNAL.]

CENTENNIAL ODE.

BY JOE JOY, JR.

Stupendous stew! Prominent mauchity!
Blendiferous blinding of conglomerate worlds
All in one tumult of tumultuousness!
Let the multitudinous Mind pause
And stand on one pedal extremity
And look through green goggles at the scene,
And marvel at this wonderful E PLURIBUS,
And exclaim in the language of the poet,
What a whateens!
(Twenty minutes for refreshments.)
Indivisible indivisibility of the Invisible!
Magnificent magnificence magnified!
Elaborate elaboration such as never was elaborated,
And we'll bet a straw hat on it!
Behold the many facts of many factories!
See the artistic artlessness of the artist!
Observe the patient revolving footpicks!
Notice the noticeable on short notice!
View all that you lay your eyes on!
Be careful what you say to your hands on!
Stretch your mouths over the back of your head,
Expand the Centennial chest,
And shout with a mighty effort,
"Hail Columbia, get off your corns!"
(Five minutes will be ample time for the soba.)
Behold the marvelous marvels of a hundred years
Which in this country is equal to a century!
Let every man to-day be a centurion,
And turn double summersets in the abstract.
The glorious American Eagle
Poles himself upon his head to-day;
Watch the mightiness of his might!
The strongthiness of his strength!
Praise the glory of our United Duums,
And keep your hands on your pocketbooks.
(100,000 voices will sing this. As soon as the echo dies away—say in two or three days—everybody will drink to everybody else's health for the next hundred years, and the Centennial will begin.)

Blanche's Beauty.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

MISS ERICSON laid her novel down and looked up at Blanche Merwyn, who sat sewing by a near window, with her pale, thoughtful face drooped lower than seemed necessary for the accomplishment of her work.

"I don't know whether I believe it or not. What is your opinion, Blanche? Is it

"Better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all?"

Or, don't you approve of the unrequited affection this novelist is so fond of portraying?"

It was a pleasant, cultivated voice that gave answer, very quickly, easily, readily, as Blanche lifted her eyes to Miss Ericson's.

"I do not know that I am a competent judge of such matters. It seems to me, however, that I would rather be staved any knowledge of love at all than to feel it and know it was in vain."

Jessie Ericson leaned her handsome head carelessly against the cushion of her chair, and twisted the rings on her fingers lazily.

"Well, I don't know; and yet, take Laurie Hague, for instance; I can imagine how dreadful it would be for you or I, for example, to be scorned by him. And it would be so easy to love him, wouldn't it?"

Her half-drooping eyes were narrowly watching Blanche's face, and a quick gleam of something very like malicious triumph glanced in them redly a second as she saw a sharp, sudden quiver of the girl's strength, haughty lips.

"If you mean that Mr. Hague is handsome, and attractive, and a gentleman, I can endorse your estimate of him, Jessie."

Miss Ericson laughed.

"You dear, innocent child, as if I did not know your estimate of Laurie Hague better than you do yourself."

As if I hadn't seen the color deepen on your cheeks and the light in your eyes, when he comes into your presence, Blanche—you are in love with Laurie Hague!"

But it was not a jolly, roguish confession Jessie Ericson was making for this girl—there was unmeasured bitterness in her voice, and almost rage in her handsome black eyes, despite the evenness with which she forced herself to speak.

Blanche looked up, half in alarm, half in surprise, the slow carnation kindling on her face.

"Jessie! how can you say so? how can you be so cruel, when you know—when you know how plain I am, how altogether unworthy his regard, or even his admiration, and you—so beautiful, and Mr. Hague's friend."

Jessie's lip curled scornfully.

"Oh, yes, Mr. Hague's friend, because his artist eyes see some small charms in flesh-tints and coloring—for the same reason that you know he loves you, because of your own magnificent beauty."

The carnation was fairly flaming on Blanche's cheeks now, and her sewing lay unheeded in her lap.

"You mean to say I am foolish enough to suppose Mr. Hague—cares for me simply because I have what you are pleased to call handsome hair? Jessie, I shall hate what I have always loved, and been so thankfully proud of, if you talk to me any more like this."

Miss Ericson rose from her chair and laid "Tricreature" on her dressing-table, then walked over to Blanche and deliberately removed a silver comb that held her hair, then frowned and smiled at the same time, as a perfect glory of rich, rare golden hair came flowing down over the girl's slender shoulders, past her round, supple waist, clear to her knees—a rippling, dancing cascade of liquid gold, with gleaming-like living sunshine touching its half-waving tresses—truly a "crown of glory" to whatever woman was so fortunate as to possess it by right of nature.

Jessie frowned—with corrugations of envy wrinkling her forehead—smiled grimly, sarcastically.

"So you think it is not enough to fascinate any man—especially Laurie Hague, with his vivid taste for the beautiful, his correct eye for color and grace? Don't tell me, Blanche Merwyn; you didn't let your comb become displaced accidentally the day he was here first?"

Warm indignation was shining in Blanche's eyes now, and she caught up her hair angrily.

"Miss Ericson, I shall come to the conclusion you are jealous of you—"

Jessie laughed outright.

"Not of you—only of your hair. I'll give you a hundred dollars for it."

Blanche gave a little, indignant cry.

"As if I'd sell it, poor though I am!"

"I suppose not—for Mr. Hague's sake. That sounds like his ring now, doesn't it?"

A handsome fellow, with a gracefully indolent way about him that had been one of the first attractions that made an impression on

little Blanche Merwyn's heart. A well-formed, gallant-mannered fellow, whose low, thrilling tones, had power to stir women's hearts strangely, and whose dark, earnest eyes, had a trick of looking unutterable things.

Blanche had been very happy, however, and well content to be useful in any way, until that day when Miss Ericson had almost insulted her about Laurie Hague. Then she had suddenly brought her visit to a close, and, being not desirous of returning to an uncongenial home in the dismal country, had sought for and obtained a position in the city—a curious position, too, and which, but for her wondrously magnificent hair, she never would have received.

It was pleasant, although it took her some time to become used to having ladies examine her hair, and to serve as model in the stylish hairdressing establishment where she was employed. But she grew used to it, and earned enough to pay her board and dress plainly—and was happy as a queen in her honest labor and—Laurie Hague's love. For he had traced her out and took her in his arms and kissed her, and told her he loved her dearly, dearly, and praised her brave courage in facing the world, and told her how happy they would be when he had earned a name and fortune—for her.

It was passing sweet—this love of his; and she worked and waited, and saved every cent she could; while Hague painted his little pictures—scraps of moonlight landscapes, bits of summer scenes reveling in moonday sunshine, stretches of sunset sky glowing on ruined castle walls; dainty little things, but that, somehow, did not bring him so much money as the promise of money in the future. And that was why, when a virulent fever took Laurie Hague, it found him moneyless, and when the physician declared the illness of the most malignantly contagious type, friendless, except for Blanche Merwyn, who loved him beyond her love of life or fear of death, who braved all cruel shafts of insinuating remarks, and stood at her post by his bedside night and day, with only a faithful old colored woman to relieve her for short times, and to perform less tender duties than wooing her lover to life and health again. Of course, she forfeited her position at the outset—Monsieur De La Conde could not think of retaining it for her, nor would it be thought admissible for a moment for Meess Merwyn to be traveling back and forth from a typhus-fever patient to his magnificent parlors.

Blanche never wavered for a moment. She resigned her position, took her pocket-book with all her earthly wealth in it—a miserable hundred dollars—and went to Laurie Hague's bedside, fearless, loving and brave, to watch his sufferings and alleviate them as much as human care was capable of doing. It was not long before she discovered the condition of her lover's exchequer; then, more than gladly, she opened her own pitiful little hoard, and furnished him with cooling drinks, and requisite medicines, and all that her loving heart prompted her to do.

Then, gradually the hundred dollars dwindled down, until, almost miraculously it seemed to the girl, one day when Dr. Pilgram ordered a double quantity of ice, and shook his gray head gravely, when Blanche asked him if there was no change for the better—she found only a five-dollar bill between them and nothingness.

For a while, she sat, wondering dumbly, if she must let him die—her darling, for the want of such a thing as money—and her heart went out in a wild cry that Heaven would show her some way of escape from this dilemma. She sat, and the minutes flew by, and old Hester watched by Laurie Hague's fever pillow, and the sick man lay in a stupor so like death it chilled Blanche into an agony of desperation.

Of a sudden, a deathly white pallor surged over her face, and it seemed as if her very heart stood still. Then she calmly put on her hat and saque and went quickly down to the street—straight to Jessie Ericson's elegant residence, whose threshold she had not crossed since that well-remembered day—up to the same room where Jessie Ericson had taunted her with Laurie Hague's love—where Jessie sat now, under the skillful hands of her dressing-maid.

"A year ago you offered me a hundred dollars for my hair. Will you give it to me now?"

Her low, intense voice, her eager, white face, her hurried, determined manner were a drama in themselves.

Jessie looked keenly at her.

"Yes, I'll give you a hundred dollars for it. Meta, cut it off for her."

She opened her stuffed portmanteau as she spoke, and took two fifty-dollar bills in her jeweled fingers, as if to tempt any possible shrinking Blanche may have felt.

The girl looked at Blanche, and Blanche bowed assent. The shiny scissors cut rapidly through the luxuriant, magnificent hair.

Ten minutes later she stood before the glass in her room—shivering with home-sick horror at the ugly little head denuded of its charming glory—the smooth, well-shaped head, but, oh! so awfully changed!

Days after that, she went away from her lover's bedside, just before she thought he would recognize her; and then, in the rapid days of convalescence when Laurie Hague's friends ventured back, one by one, and flowers and fruits came from lady admirers, and many a one bearing Jessie Ericson's card, little Blanche Merwyn wearily sought employment—to find, after almost fruitless efforts, a vacant seat at a huge hotel.

Midwinter days, with their frosty, crisp winds, had brought perfect health and strength to Laurie Hague, and new beauty to his interesting, intellectual face; and Jessie Ericson thought, as he leaned leisurely back among the cushions and fur robes of her sleigh, that the gods had been very good to her, after all, in permitting—

A sudden glimpse of a wan, yet hope-lightened face, with thoughtful, gray eyes, and short, half-curling golden hair, dispelled Miss Ericson's delightful reverie, and Blanche Merwyn's glad young voice made Mr. Hague turn his handsome head sideward.

"Oh, Laurie! I am so glad to see you again! I have written several times, but—"

Jessie gave her a haughty, prolonged stare.

"Mr. Hague will excuse you from any explanations you wish to make, I am sure. I, as his betrothed wife, will assume the responsibility of whatever possible disappointment I cause him. Thomas, drive on."

A jingle of bells, a glitter of harness, a single glance from Laurie Hague's eyes—half shame-faced, half defiant—and Blanche Merwyn knew that the end had come, as suddenly as terribly, as pitifully as true.

Alone, in the seething crowd of New York, deserted by the lover she had risked all things for; scorned by the man for whom she had so lovingly rendered herself ineligible for a pleasant pecuniary position—her young life wrecked, her young hopes blighted.

And the crowd went on, and the bells rung joyously, and the sun shone, and Blanche Mer-

wyn took up the broken threads of her life as best she might.

Naming a Yacht.

BY HENRI MONTCALM.

I MYSELF am the hero of this story; and I think, too, that taken all in all, I am a very fair specimen of the heroes of modern stories. I am of poor but aristocratic parentage, tolerably good-looking, a first-rate shot, and can catch fish where no other living man could get a bite. I wait perfectly—at least so my partners all ways tell me, and who should know if they do not? I have a very respectable tenor voice, and I have any quantity of other accomplishments too numerous and too varied to mention. It would take a good while to tell them all, and it is better to let them come out for themselves in the course of the story.

But I have a failing, too. Oh, no, bless you, I'm not all perfection. There is one weakness, and a sad one, too—I'm deficient in courage. I don't mean physical courage; I'm as brave as most men, I fancy. I could, if circumstances required, wade through fire and water, and all that sort of thing—though, as for that matter, the circumstances would have to be very pressing—and I once whipped a man twice as big as I was because he was such a great, ill-conditioned brute that I couldn't be afraid of him. But moral courage I certainly do lack. "No" is a word that I never can say when I ought to say it, and I should undoubtedly accept a challenge even if I knew it would be the death of me, just because I should not have the spirit to decline it. Above all, I am strangely wanting in that courage which enables a poor man to walk up to a wealthy young lady and ask her to marry him. For, you see, I am a poor man, and Miss Hudson is a wealthy young lady.

That reminds me that this story has a heroine as well as a hero, and Vivine Hudson is the woman. I met her, danced with her, and loved her; she met me, danced with me, and—forgot me. If this story was to be divided into chapters, I think the first chapter would naturally end here, just about the time I left a snug country house, full of nice people, and went back to finish the winter in my dingy little law office at the city. I went back because I really did not dare stay in the same house any longer with Vivine Hudson. As long as I couldn't marry her, I knew I had better see no more of her; and of course I couldn't expect ever to marry her; I a pauper and a pettifogger and she a brilliant and beautiful woman, with lands and diamonds, and lovers in unknown quantities.

And I suppose the second chapter would properly begin with a note I got from Fred Pulsifer about the first of the following June, and my answer to the same. So here they are:

MR. FRED PULSIFER to MR. JOHN DARNLEY:
DEAR JOHN—As you seem to want me pretty badly, and as I want to make a pretty bad thing, I'll do it—on one condition. You must let me name the yacht for you. I know I am a fool, but I'm just miserable over it. I feel as if no other woman's eyes or face or voice could ever be anything to me after hers. It would be some slight consolation, however, to sail in a yacht named after her. Therefore, if you accept my condition, I'll come down in time to go off with you on the first trip of the *Vivine*.

Yours, in haste, FRED.

MR. JOHN DARNLEY to MR. FRED PULSIFER:
DEAR FRED—You seem to want me pretty badly, and as I want to make a pretty bad thing, I'll do it—on one condition. You must let me name the yacht for you. I know I am a fool, but I'm just miserable over it. I feel as if no other woman's eyes or face or voice could ever be anything to me after hers. It would be some slight consolation, however, to sail in a yacht named after her. Therefore, if you accept my condition, I'll come down in time to go off with you on the first trip of the *Vivine*.

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